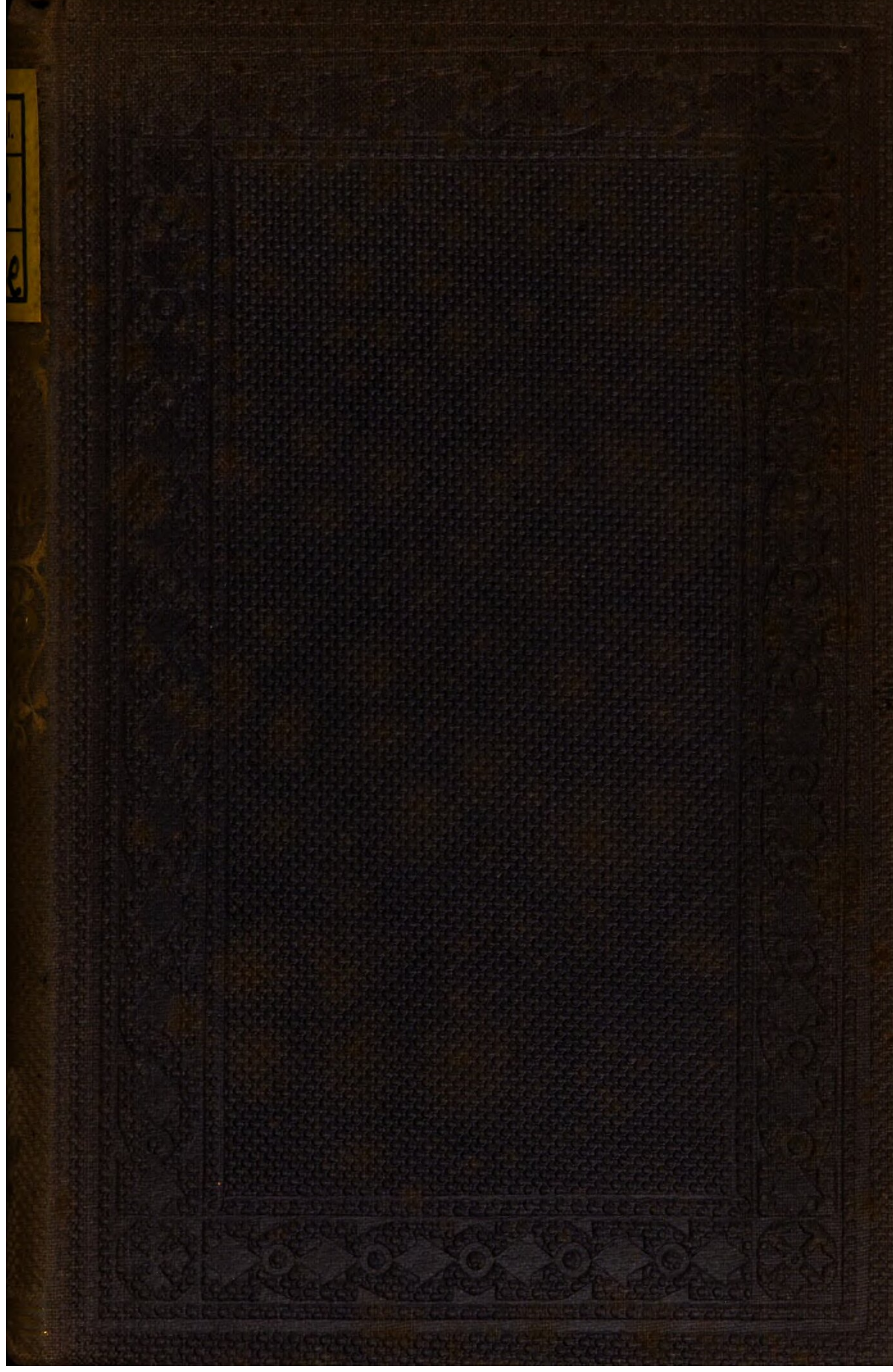


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P.O. angl. 37 npe

Boner

VERSE.

L. B. & F.

V E R S E .

1834-1858.

BY

CHARLES BONER.

“ Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.”

LONDON :

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1858.

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JOHN EDWARD TAYLOR, LITTLE QUEEN STREET,
LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.

Ich habe in meiner Poesie nie affectirt. Was ich nicht lebte
und was mir nicht auf die Nägel brannte und zu schaffen machte,
habe ich auch nicht gedichtet und ausgesprochen.

GOETHE: *Gespräche.*

Edles kommt schnell; einfaches braucht Weile.

GRAF SCHLABRENDORF.

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VERSE.

CHILDHOOD.

OH, how pure is childhood's joy,
A joy felt mysteriously,
Hardly knowing whence or why;
But the child seeth in earth and sky
Loveliness and majesty,
Nature in her sublimity!
All is freshness, all is rife,
Teeming, bursting into life.
Each thing seen, a bird or flower,
Or the sudden thunder-shower,
Causing new astonishment,
And unceasing wonderment.
Whether, with a holy fear,
At the thunder rolling near,

Or, when running from a tree,
Watch'd o'er by the Deity,
The child sees the rainbow form,
Beautiful from out the storm,
Moving o'er the hill-top wet,
When the sun the shower has met ;
Gazing till it hath dissolved,
He a moment stands, involved
In a pleased uncertainty,
Though quite faded from the sky.

Thus was I :—a wayward child,
Loving all, but mad and wild ;
Roving here, now running thither,
Scarcely I myself knew whither ;
Always loving field and wood,
Where I'd stray in fitful mood,
Roaming onward in my play,
Well pleased to have lost my way.

Never happier was I
Than when under the blue sky ;
Joying in the gentle breeze,
That came rustling through the trees,
Waving all the nodding flowers,
Bending as from summer showers ;

Now hushing the soft murmuring,
Coming from a neighbouring spring ;
Now wafting unto mine ear,
Village church-chimes from afar ;
While the towering lark on high,
But a speck on the blue sky,
Join'd in their sweet melody.

ON READING THE ABOVE, MANY YEARS LATER.

And I am grateful that the sense
Of beauty is yet so intense,
That when I hear the welkin ringing
With the soaring lark's loud singing,
My wonderment and joy
Are still the same as when I was a boy.

ON THE NEW YEAR.

1834-35.



Oh, not with revelry I welcome it !
 Too solemn 's the event ; nor could I hail
 With bounding exultation this new birth,
 Nor give to the departed e'en one thought !
 Meseems I lose a friend,—one mourn'd the more
 From having witnessed with me deepest grief,
 Which the new-comer can know nothing of.
 For as we often linger at the spot
 Where most we suffered,—as a mother's love
 Makes dearer to her heart the little one
 That caused her woful pangs or bitter care,—
 So am I bound to thee, departing Year !
 For thou hast seen one bless'd spirit end
 His sojourn of full many painful days,
 And leave us for another genial land.
 Oh, what a hard and weary pilgrimage

Had that sad traveller!—Venerable man!*

Not on the world's smooth, pleasant thoroughfares,
But o'er sharp rocks and wastes, with here and there
A verdant spot to quicken his poor heart,
Lest it should crack too soon, ere all was done.
Could words express all feelings, I would speak:
But with small pebbles men did never build
A noble temple or a far-seen tower;
So I am silent. Yet with confidence,
To those fair ministers who wish'd him hence,
I do resign the fitting task to make
A record of his virtues and his love.
That record will be read another day!

* See page 44.

A DEATH-BED.

'T WAS at this hour, four years ago, I sped
Through the dark night, along the well-known way,
With step unfaltering, but with sinking heart.
The midnight breeze brought not a single sound ;
I seem'd the only moving thing that broke
The horrid trance that all was lying in,
While on and on I strove.

At last I reach'd the lane, that dear, loved lane,
Where ever glad and joyful I had come,
With heart so full of unmix'd happiness.
Each house was still—asleep—and dark, save one,
Where, from the humble casement, a dim light
Gleam'd steadily. At my long watched-for knock
The door was open'd, and I silently
Pass'd o'er the threshold of the house of death.
An instant, and I stood in the same room
Where a pure soul was striving to be free.

There lay my Father! By his pillow sat
My Mother, watching him with calm, fond look.
'T was the first time I ever thus had seen him
On a sick-bed. His venerable hair,
That time and grief had whiten'd, lay unsmooth;
Made so by illness' feverish restlessness.
The high and noble forehead, where deep thought
Had calmly sat, was still unruffled, still
Tranquil and calm as it was wont to be.
And as I kiss'd it, my hot tears fell down
Upon his pain-worn cheek. To see thee thus,
My Father! Thou who hadst bent over me
When ill or hurt, and ever comforting;
With thy mild voice allaying all my pains;—
Who had instructed me, and told me how
I should love God for all He gave to me,
To worship and to trust myself to Him;—
Who taught me charity, and to be kind
Unto all people; storing my young mind
With lovely precepts, which *thou* didst fulfil.
And then thy knowledge, too, how beautiful!
So great, yet scorning not to teach a child.
And all is going; all we most love on earth,
Each dreadful minute loosens of earth's ties;
And soon we shall not have thee;—thou wilt be
No more for us;—we shall be fatherless!

How freshly all arises in my mind
Of that sad night,—all that I saw and felt !
Oh, my poor Mother, how I wept for thee !
But death like this has nothing terrible ;
So still, so peaceful, so profoundly calm.
'Tis nothing but a beautiful, soft change
To something else, which sure must be more good,
The way being so gentle, e'en so fair.

He moved somewhat. His eyes were open now.
A light—bright radiance beamed upon his face.
Oh, what a tranquil mind that face bespoke !
His breath was steady as his hope of heaven :
It wavered not, but was as firm and clear
As anything in nature. Then it grew
A little weaker, but so gradual,
The ebbing change was scarce perceptible.
And then at last it came so delicate
I scarce could hear it. Kneeling down, I gazed
Into that placid face, whose parted lips
Wore a sweet smile about them. On them sat
The kiss of the Creator, taking back
The soul it once had given. Listening
I waited for a breath to tell he lived.
It came, though it was scarcely audible ;
It was the last. This holy, mild repose
Was Death !

THE SHIPWRECK.



“A cheer to keep your hearts up ;
The Betsy, she went down.”—*Hon. Mrs. Norton.*

“Ein Seemann muss lieben sein Schiff so sehr,
Als ob's seine eigene Mutter wär.”—*Mühler.*

“His ship to a sailor should be as dear
As though she his very own mother were.”

HIGH swell'd the waves, and the winds blew high,
And there was not a star in the murky sky ;
And on the ship rush'd, hither and thither,
Wildly and darkly, and none knew whither.
Ah ! 't was a dreadful and horrid flight
Our poor ship took on that fatal night,
Gallop'ing on like a frightened thing,
In speed outstripping the petrel's wing ;
For the winds follow'd after ; and fore, and about
Mingled all things in a horrible rout.
And she flew on and on as the myriads fly
Over wasted lands when the conqueror's nigh,

Plunging perchance into a worse strife
With thus madly striving to save their life.
Just so we were borne on with furious speed,
And God could but help us in our great need ;
Yet in the whole ship was not heard a groan,
Each warm living heart seem'd now turn'd to stone.
The awe of the danger had made Fear dumb ;
The senses were living, the life's-blood numb :
Only the ship, as she rush'd through the surge,
Moan'd long and deeply, as though 't were her dirge.
The women—from them was no wailing heard—
Look'd on each other, but spoke not a word.
Amidst crushing sorrows, in hours of fear,
Woman, I ween, then is oft man's compeer.
Though dragg'd to the dust, and there left to die,
What's her repining ? She has none save a sigh.

And still none utter'd nor shriek nor cry,
As louder and louder the blast roar'd by ;
The pale lip compress'd, and wide-open eye,
Mark'd Terror's demoniac mastery.
Each sense seem'd stretch'd to the fullest strain
To catch at a something like Hope—in vain ;
E'en Hope could not live upon that wild main.
And the listening sailor held in his breath
As he fancied he caught the low wail of Death,

Distinctly, though faintly, heard o'er the strife
Of Elements striving to clutch his life.
Now, now, then again he hears the faint shriek,
And his fear-drugg'd ear hears a death-wraith speak.
The cordage he grasps with convulsive strain,
And his blood runs cold through every vein ;
The nostril distended, the jaw clench'd fast,
Urge Nature to strive and hold to the last.
His round, staring eyeball he lifts on high,
And there, where the rags of the main-sheet fly,
High in the air indistinctly flitting,
Around the mast, which at last is splitting,
He sees, clear against the black driving clouds,
The spirits of ocean in watery shrouds.
Then seeks he no longer to pierce the gloom,
His heart beats much slower—he waits his doom.
But could he have witness'd the scene below,
Where Life seem'd held under a spell by Woe,
He had sprung in dread from that floating tomb ;
For 't was as the Earth had open'd her womb,
Disclosing her corpses in row and rank,
As they look'd when living, but stiff and blank ;
He well could have thought 't was their freed spirit
Which hover'd o'er and pursued the frigate,
Which follow'd still where their mortal shell
Sat staring like motionless sentinel.

There, perch'd on the stern, sate the petrel bird,
Calm, motionless, solemn ; nor was there heard
The shrill cry it utters, as o'er the waste
It speedeth along with a wondrous haste.

The sailors they saw it each one and all ;
They wish'd it away, but they durst not call
Or shout to the creature that had come in :
They knew what would follow on such a sin ;
And still it sat there, nor it moved nor stirr'd ;
There was something ghastly in that mute bird.
'T was like entertaining a fiend as guest,
Who stays in your house while you go to rest.

And thus we drove on without hope or notion
How we could combat against the ocean.
And thunders were rolling above, around ;
Groans seem'd to rise up from the ocean-ground ;
The lightnings were flashing through horrid rents,
That tore the clouds open to get them vents,
And whirl'd through the sky, and then seem'd to skip,
With certain destruction, upon our ship.
And then came another dread clap of thunder,
As though the wide world were riven asunder.
The whirl of the tempest, the blast that rush'd,
Was drown'd in that one roar, and all seem'd hush'd ;
Each man that was there for a moment shrank,

All thought that their ship was torn plank from plank ;
And then for a moment a lurid glare—
My God ! 't was a moment of wild despair.
For now, just ahead, we saw such a sight
As never was seen but on that one night.
In front of that terrible sheet of flame,
And spectral and ghastly, towards us came
A ship, like a wreck uprisen again,
To gallop once more through storm o'er the main.
Yes, full in our sight stood that wizard thing ;
Our ship, as by instinct, gave one long swing,
And then, in a second, the ship pass'd by ;
From out her arose a long, piercing cry.
'T was a thrilling shriek of desolate woe—
Methought I had never heard man cry so ;
It neither the wind nor rain could smother.
Then came a red flash and then another,
Dispelling a moment the heavy gloom,
And lighting that ship to her dreadful tomb.
She rose, as to give us a parting look,
Before that last finishing plunge she took,
And then, like an arrow shot from a bow,
Down, down in the waters we saw her go.

We knew all was over, but still we peer'd
Out into the darkness ; the while we near'd

The eddying vortex where she had sunk,
Which sucked us on, as it had not drunk
Enough yet of life, but still would swallow,
Some victims more in its whirlpool hollow.
But the waves soon roll'd over that fated place;
All was wild as before; there was left no trace
Of that spirit-like ship, nor her shrieking crew;
She pass'd like the words I am telling you;
She seem'd come on the lightning, and then she went
As the white spray flies when a wave is rent;
And from where thus ended such fear and trouble,
There rose but a gurgling and half-choked bubble.

At last God had mercy upon us all;
By little and little the wind did fall;
The night, which to each one had seem'd a week,
Sunk back in the gloom. Some began to speak;
Perchance they thought soon the storm would cease—
I had much rather they had held their peace,
For their voice fell so hollow upon my ear,
It caused me a feeling akin to fear.

Well, day came at last, and the sea grew still,
But all was not over—a greater ill
Was yet in reserve, and when things seem'd bright.
The whole of that long and terrible night,

Not a plank there was but did strain and creak,
And we found that the ship had sprung a leak.
We got out the boats, and we left the home
That bounding had carried us over the foam.
'T was a pitiful thing for us, her crew,
Thus to desert her—but what could we do?
We said not a word, for we could not speak;
The heart of each one was as though 't would break.
But we still look'd at her as off we row'd,
While round her the waters now higher flow'd.
She suddenly lurch'd, and we saw she was sinking:
Alas! at that moment each one was thinking
Of many a joy and many a bout
He'd had in that ship or had weather'd out;
And days that were gone, and scenes that were past,
All crowded on memory thick and fast.

We lay on our oars a minute or so,
To see the last of her, and watch her go.
At her seams the water now flow'd fast through:
Ah! while she was filling our eyes fill'd too!

She went down at last, and we watch'd her end,
Each feeling as though he had lost a friend;
Still look'd at the place, heaved a deep, deep sigh,
And sadly row'd on to some land just nigh.

HOW STRANGE OUR NATURES!

How strange our natures! inconceivable!
The rudest, wildest, is at times bound down
And vanquish'd by the mem'ry of the past.
A distant voice, a scene in other lands,
A fancied likeness to a well-known face,
A word, a mere expression, but a breath,
Will stay the ruthless deed, will sudden stem
The burst of vengeance, and the flowing tears
Will wash away the blackness from the heart.
At such a moment quicken'd sense flies back
To years long done with, and, connecting them,
Darts on through all like an electric flash,
And makes the Present less clear than the Past.

A WALK TO THE CEMETERY.

THIS eve I wander'd to the cemetery.
 The sun was going down in all his glory,
 Behind gigantic piles of mountain shapes,
 That inaccessible toil'd grandly up
 Out of a sea of splendour and effulgence.
 The mighty masses were so true, 't was like
 The far-off Alps reflected in the sky.
 Out of the east the virgin moon walk'd forth
 To look on the departure of the sun.
 The veil fell off then from her placid face ;
 There now is nought to shame her modesty.
 She looks about her as a maiden does,
 Afraid to show herself, and timorous ;
 Like a young queen who just begins to reign,
 Having to walk 'midst men, and dreads their gaze.
 It was the Sabbath, and all people went

To taste the joy of that delicious time ;
And to the "Place of Peace" did many wend,
To drop a tear and give one sigh before
Their day of rest and quiet should be done.
Oh, what a sweet and holy pilgrimage,
How bless'd a shrine a parent's sacred tomb !
There kneel they down ;—a blessing and a prayer,
A tear, a flower, are the offerings
That sorrow brings ;—and doubly blest are they.

Oh that I too could kneel beside thy grave,
My dear, dear Father, upon this, the eve,
The vigil of the day thou left'st me here !
Oh, could I lay my hand on that dear mound,
That little mound that holds what most I loved,
And there, as oft I've done, pray unto God
To guide me so that I might serve Him, love,
And honour Him as he who was beneath ;
T' implore His mercy for my erring ways !—
But I can no more kneel beside thee ;—now
We are far separate !

Would that thou didst lie here, 'neath the clear sky,
Where the dark mountains rising towards the west
Would cast their shadows as the sun went down ;
With odorous gales floating above thy head,

And near around thee carefully-kept flowers ;
While o'er thy bosom the glad lark would rise
Straight up to Heaven, like a messenger,
Or as a spirit leaving the coarse clay,
And soaring upwards to its home with God :
Where the green sod would not be trampled on,
And no unhallow'd revelry profane
The spot where stillness, with respectful pace,
Should wander, far from all loud village mirth ;
Where no base hand should mar thy monument,
Nor yet disfigure the few simple words
Inscribed thereon to thy fair memory !

THE PRISONER.

A FRAGMENT.

OH, dreadful is the first awaking
In prison walls ; and each sense making
Endeavours to discover
What horrid strangeness 't is that round you,
Sitting on all, does so confound you,
Adds to it ten times over !

* * * * *

My wearied eye found in the sky
No cloud whereon to rest ;
'T was all one hue,—unvaried blue,—
The same from east to west.
And the piercing sun lay on the roof
Of lead, where I was placed aloof
From among my fellow-men :
Drying up all with its lurid heat,
My brain ! my eyeballs !—I felt it eat

In my soul and body then.
The very marrow of my bones
It seemed to penetrate,
Shining on lead, and wood, and stones,
And glaring through the grate.
And day and night I had no respite
From this terrible ordeal :
When some relief came to my grief,
For my brain began to reel.

I forgot the woes that watch'd me there,
I forgot I could not taste the air

Of refreshing liberty :
I doubted I was, or I was not,
I strove hard to think, but then my lot
Seem'd some cunning jugglery.

I strode up and down my burning den,
I cried in my grief, and then again

Strange cries sounded on my ear.
A dreadful state, but my weaken'd mind
Knew not all its sorrow, it was blind,
And vacant of all save fear.

I thought me the prey of some curs'd sprite
That crush'd me, and laugh'd to quench the light
Of reason that now but gleam'd :
My prison was filled with a thousand sprites,

That mow'd at and grinn'd on me o' nights,
When I knew I had not dream'd.

And some sat here, others lay there,
Some in a heap coil'd up on a chair,
Pointing at me flung down on my bed :
Then up they leapt and whirl'd by my head.
Some ran away, others pursuing,
The rest sat still, vacantly viewing :
Now they would stop, point up in my face,
Dash off again in their horrid race,
And then all vanish from out the place.
I felt them pull and strip me quite bare,
And yet when I look'd, the bed-clothes were there ;
I saw them peep out from under my bed,
Then drop on the floor and feign to be dead ;
Yet nothing once met my hands outspread.

And my frenzied head o'ercome, sank down,
And a thousand thoughts long, long not known,
Through my memory sudden swept.
With the present rose the happy past,
My lips moved in prayer, and then at last,
Oh, my God be thanked ! I wept.

As my tears flow'd, there seem'd moved a load

From my bursting heart and brain ;
I felt a new birth, like the parch'd-up earth
Revived by the fallen rain.

Within an accuser cried aloud,
And I shrank before it: I had not bow'd
For many a week in prayer :
'T was a hideous sin—I felt it so,
But Thou, O my God, alone canst know
How my mind was clouded there.

One morning came to my lonely room
Strange jailors, bringing, I thought, the doom
I was now to undergo ;

* * * * *

THE BLIND MAN'S LAMENT.

No longer can I see a child at play,
 No longer watch an infant's peaceful sleeping;
 No more can bound along the mountain way,
 But journey onward with a timorous creeping.

I hear the birds awaken'd by the morn,
 I *feel* the glory of that grand carousing,
 But their rejoicing tells me how forlorn
 Is he who cannot witness the arousing

Of hill and valley, creature great and small,
 Of tree, of herb, of ocean, mountain, river,
 Into fresh light; that moveth each and all,
 In one thanksgiving to the mighty Giver.

I never more can watch the moon at night,
 Gliding all queen-like through a sky unclouded;

Or, with mix'd feelings of deep-felt delight,
A white-sail'd ship in spray and sunbeams shrouded.

ADDED NINE YEARS LATER.

Thanks be to God ! The blind man 's heal'd now !
All things beholding with a mental vision.
In light again I live, and grateful bow,
Serenely glad, to His all-wise decision.

WITCHES.

HARK ! hist ! speed, quick, fly, weird sisters !
 Downwards rush upon the moor ;
 See there !—now the lightning glisters,
 Mortal, thou 'lt ne'er reach thy door !

FIRST WITCH.

Weird ones, where have ye been lagging ?
 Twice I've wink'd since I did call ye.

SECOND WITCH.

Children I from bed was dragging
 When your voice came to recall me.

THIRD WITCH.

I was very busy boring
 Holes in a ship's side and flooring.
 On board was not a drop of gin,
 So I let water gurgles in :

Not one is of danger thinking,
Yet now all are slowly sinking.

FOURTH WITCH.

I was at the rocks of Lurley,
Having a rare hurly-burly.

FIFTH WITCH.

I went to discover
A sweetheart and lover,
To tear them asunder
By lies or a blunder.
Both hearts have I broken,
And here is the token !

SIXTH WITCH.

I was with an authoress,
Teaching her to lie ;
But she knew, I must confess,
Better far than I.

SEVENTH WITCH.

You have been to — — — ?

SIXTH WITCH.

Well, don't be in such a fury !

SEVENTH WITCH.

It was *I* taught her to lie,
And a rare hypocrisy.
She can cheat, and beg, and swindle,
I have no one that's more nimble:
She is perfect. What have you
To meddle thus with what *I* do?

FIRST WITCH.

Both be still and hark to me.
Do what I shall order ye.
Look ye there: just underneath
Is a mortal on the heath.
He hath now left a fireside,
Mirthful the whole eventide;
And with jesting tongue has he
Told his tales of faëry,
Laugh'd at our weird sisterhood,
And our well-known neighbourhood.
Sisters! we must this avenge,
And be glutted with revenge.
Teach him not to prate of witches,
And their haunts, or spells, or ditches.

ALL.

Ha! ha! ha! how we will worry
The wise fool with our damn'd flurry!

We will scream, and laugh, and chatter
Till his heart sinks at our clatter.

SECOND WITCH.

What a fine night! How murky and thick!

THIRD WITCH.

And how the rain falls! Klick! klack! klick!
The whole moor is one great slimy pool.

ALL.

Ah, how we will punish the scoffing fool!

FIRST WITCH.

Now, now to work. Do not gabble;
Disperse! descend! ye weird rabble.

THIRD WITCH.

I'll make water 'fore him bubble.

SECOND WITCH.

And I will prick his feet with stubble.

SIXTH WITCH.

And I will hoot.

FIFTH WITCH.

And I will mew.

FIRST WITCH.

And we will hiss, and so must thou.
And what wilt thou do?

FOURTH WITCH.

I will shriek
As I flap against his cheek.

SEVENTH WITCH.

And the night-wind, wet and bleak,
Shall not blow, but moan and creak.

ALL.

Oh, this will be a merry freak!

ON THE PRINCESS L——'S BIRTHDAY.

MARCH 27TH.

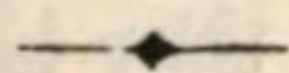


TODAY my birthday ! Oh, with what a change
 Of feelings, thoughts, and state of mind, I hear
 The light, glad sound of gratulation now
 To some short years ago ! *Then* was my heart
 As fresh and gladsome as the beaming face
 Of each young welcomer ! But *now* 't is lone,
 And dim, and blighted ; and affection's wish,
 So kindly given with a frank embrace,
 E'en by its kindness harrows up my soul :
 It doth recall so much ! Such happy hours !
 Such hours, as painless as an infant's sleep.
 And oh ! I too was like a careless child,
 That roam'd from joy to joy, with only light
 And brightness, calm, and happiness around.
 For one was then beside me, one who made
 All light and glad to me. He was the sun
 That gilded every prospect, every spot.

'T was in his presence that I breathed and lived
So very happily : 't was he that made
The earth seem lovely, and my life a dream.

We had our epochs. Eras we did make
Of things that form'd events in our two lives :
Our marriage-day ; the anniversary
When our first-born did gladden each of us,
And made him love me more ; his birthday, and
My own. " O Marie," he would say, " today
Let us together roam up the hill-side,
And hear from far the village festival :
For us, for me, what need I more than thee ?"
And then we went beneath the placid sky,
And I to him was as the soul of all.
Each flower, each breeze, each bird, each rivulet,
Brought its delight ;
But each was beautiful as 't was like me,
For then he thought me lovelier than all.

Now that is changed ! Another has usurp'd
The throne I once possess within his heart.
I'm queen no longer there ; I must descend ;
And, like a monarch who has lost his crown,
Must learn t' endure men's pity and my woes ;
And, though unsceptred, bear me royally !

JANUARY 1ST, MIDNIGHT.

HARK ! it hath struck. Another year is born,
 And with this instant hath begun its course,
 And now hath run awhile ; still hurrying on,
 Not for one moment to abide or rest.

And that old monarch, the departed Year,
 Hath run his days ; but, like a mortal king,
 Maintains his throne while sinking to the grave.
 Time is the sepulchre in which he's laid,—
 Where near six thousand of his quenchless race
 Do rest :—his monument a world's events,
 History the epitaph.

The tomb is closed,
 And nought for memory seems to have survived.
 In that grave all lies buried. It hath scarce

Received its inmate, ere the people's shout,
Flung up to heaven with resounding roar,
Hails with insensate joy the other year.
They greet it as they do a youthful prince,
Call'd, while an infant, to succeed his sire,
Saluting him with ardent welcomings,
Though yet a minor, and they know him not.

All is forgotten ! Verily 't would seem
That with the past one they had nought to do ;
That nothing for remembrance had survived ;
That human souls were but dissolving clouds ;
That Death had not been stalking round our homes ;
That Want nor Penury had been abroad ;
That no grand truths had been reveal'd to us ;
No nations made appeal from man to God ;
No glad days seen that "in our hearts should live ;"
No sins committed which atonement need,
Or mercies shown that might ask thankfulness !

* * * * *

And shall we *thus* put forth again upon
The unknown ocean of futurity,
To make the voyage which we men call Life ?
Why, e'en the mariner, who hath arrived
At some safe bay, rejoicing that unwreck'd,

By God's good mercy, he hath come thus far,
Does not prepare to leave the shore behind
Quite unconcern'd. He thinks of yesterday,
Of the firm land, and kindly welcomings;
And while again he goeth forth to reach
Another station on his distant way,
He braces him to meet, not unprepared,
The many perils which attend his lot.
For winds, propitious now, may play him false,
Forsaking him in need: and there are rocks
Untold of in his charts; and frightful storms,
Where human foresight is of small avail.
And so, with calm but earnest mien, he gives
The flowing sheet to the fresh morning breeze.

Heaven prosper him! And may we too, like him,
In fitting earnestness renew our course,
With Hope and Love as our directing stars;
Lest, when we fancy that the port is won,
With terror find we've struck upon a shoal.

THE MOTHER'S MORNING SONG TO HER CHILD.

WAKE, wake, my little one, wake and see
How the glad sun is looking for thee ;
Looking for thee full an hour or more,
Among thy playthings upon the floor ;
Then gently creeping up towards thy bed,
And playing around thy unconscious head,
And kissing thy cheek so fresh and rosy,
Making it look like a July posy ;
And touching thy eyelids, where still he lingers,
As gently as even thy mother's fingers.
He wants thee up and abroad to see
How bravely he comes, and to hear the glee
That rings from each bush, and from up on high,
And tells that a lark must be in the sky.
He creepeth along on thy chamber-wall,
And lighteth it up like a festal hall ;

But ever in silence ; without a sound
He flingeth, all golden, his splendour round.
And then, quite impatient at what thou'rt losing,
Nor caring aught for thy liking or choosing,
He tells the rose and the jasmine too ;
So in at the window they peep to view,
And still further in come waving and bending,
The fragrance of morning around thee sending.
As the breeze glides in, the rose nods her head,
To show him the boy that is still in bed,
And her shadow plays on his face and eyes,
As the sweet flower thus to awake him tries.
And here is the bee, too ; she's just flown in,
To try to arouse thee with buzzing din,
To tell how the morning is bright and sunny,
And say she's been home with a load of honey.

Ha ! ha ! thou'rt awake now ! Come, come, no pouting ;
That fresh rosy mouth should have long been shouting,
And sending a greeting, distinct and loud,
Up high to the lark in his pearly cloud.
But still on the jasmine some dew-drops glisten ;
The birds are still calling thee—hark now—listen !
He's coming, blithe birds ! Now then, quick, away !
And carol as loudly and glad as they !

MOTHER AND CHILD.

—◆—
 “What store of joy dwells in a Mother’s heart!”—*Cain.*

THE dialogue most sweet
 Is a glad mother’s converse with her child,
 When first he makes his essayings at speech.
 No words he utters, but articulate sounds
 In varied key and most expressive voice,
 And to a mother’s ear most meaningful.
 To her he is a very orator.
 She finds his speeches quite intelligible;
 Deeming it strange all do not comprehend
 Nor clearly understand his pretty tongue.

There on the ground the infant creature sits,
 All listening and attentive, as her voice
 Attracts his notice; and he listens on,
 As if he did bethink him what it was;

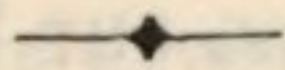
As though it were an echo, and did wait
In wonderment till it were heard again,
Or would anticipate the coming sounds.
And then he nods with judge-like gravity,
To indicate his wish to hear still more.
And she, his mother, with full joyous heart,
Calls him by name, tells him a thousand things,
Speaks from his looks, imagining his thoughts,
And plies him with unanswer'd questionings.
Then pours he forth his little noisy voice
In imitative babble, running on,
Half-laughing at the music that he makes.
With upturn'd eyes he looks into her face,
From joy all radiant. She silence keeps,
Fearing to check the current of his talk.
At length he stops; and then she answers him,
His infant speech—a string of embryo words—
Conceiving all, interpreting each sound,
And building thence a very weighty theme.

The while he gazes with a playful smile
On his enraptured mother; then again
Begins his merry mockery of words.
At each attempt she feels a fresh delight,
And with impatient joy and loving eye
Watches his sweet mouth at its busy work.

Oh, 't is a pleasant sight, such gentle love,
So cheerful, genial, soothing, and so pure !
The deep emotion of that mother's heart
Is kindred to religion ; springing up,
As it should ever, in all creeds and times,
From love and hope, calm joy, and gratitude !

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

JUNE 18TH, 1815.



THE anniversary of a well-fought fight,
 When calm Resolve opposed exulting Wrong,
 When, nobly steadfast to maintain the Right,
 The shatter'd nations dared still brave the Strong,
 Is meet for contemplation and for song.
 The chieftain's words, too, as the firm array
 Saw pouring onwards the o'erwhelming throng,
 Nerved every heart that might have felt dismay :
 "What will they say at home, if we should lose the day?"

The being that had strode on through the world
 As though it were his own, and trampled down
 God's very barriers ;—who had unfurl'd
 His banners on the Alps ;—whose sudden frown
 Struck terror like an earthquake in a town,—

This day made powerless. He was well withstood !
The constancy hath won a lasting crown,
With which a nation, in firm brotherhood,
Contended for a cause that each one said was good.

We are assail'd, too, by a mighty throng,
Who strive incessant, like a hostile nation,
To be our masters. Sin leads them along ;
Hoping to lure us down from our high station,
They lay the cunning ambushade, Temptation.
We must be steadfast, as our brothers were
In this day's fight. *Our* fight is for Salvation.
Our cry should be, if faltering or in fear,
“ How shall we meet our God, if we are vanquish'd here ? ”

THE RAINBOW.

“Earth and Sea are full of gorgeous pictures, which seem made for a nobler and certainly more numerous admiration than is found among ourselves.”—*Leigh Hunt*.

A RAINBOW is a beautiful creation !

Its grand proportions, e'en its evanescence,
Doth fill the heart with joyful admiration.

I always go forth to behold its presence,
And every time an undiminish'd sense
Of wonderment and gratitude I feel,
Holy and calm, but not the less intense,
Which seems unconscious in the heart to steal,
And call it to behold what God doth there reveal.

It leans upon a cloud that's fill'd with thunder,
Making the vision more aerial still :
Darkness is round the vivid arch, but under
Effulgence which the atmosphere doth fill ;

And bank and meadow, river, cornfield, hill,
Lie in th' embraces of the blushing light.

The dewy landscape seems to feel the thrill :
The teeming earth in freshness and delight
Arrayeth herself anew. It is a glorious sight !

And, like a seraph winging its clear way
Up into Heaven, smiling and still ascending,
The lucid bow now higher doth display
Itself : black, envious clouds are there impending,
Their scowling aspect with its brightness blending ;
When suddenly the gloom dissolves in rain,
In dewy, dropping light ; and, hither bending,
It cometh downward to the earth again,
And, gliding, moveth on majestic o'er the plain.

And so wert thou, my Father ! Thou didst move
Through darkness, sorrow, suffering, and wrong,
Serene and bright, illuming all with love.
And though black clouds thy evening sky did throng,
And storms that wreck man's hopes raged oft and long,
Thy countenance still shone forth calm and mild
As yon fair vision shines : for thou wast strong
In hope and confidence as is a child,
And so went trusting on o'er waste and dreary wild.

COLUMBUS DEPARTS ON HIS FIRST VOYAGE.



“The age of miracles past! The age of miracles is for ever here.”

Carlyle.

MORE than three changeful centuries are pass'd
 Since, on the morn of an autumnal day,
 Thousands of wondering men, together mass'd,
 Stood on the shores of a neglected bay,
 To see depart on his adventurous way
 A grey-hair'd mariner. The waves are curl'd ;
 The faint dawn disappears.—“Away, away !
 Ere the sun rise !” The canvas is unfurl'd ;
 He leaves his ancient home to find a second world.

To penetrate the mystery which hung
 Around and over that untravell'd ocean ;
 To cleave a way where dread and darkness clung ;
 To overthrow each superstitious notion
 Which in the minds of men can raise emotion,

He had no worldly means, small worldly aid ;
But humbleness of heart and true devotion,—
This was the power with which he was array'd,
And so went forth alone, strong, bold, and undismay'd.

Let us not err, and deem those days are ended
For God by miracles to show His will ;
Though oftentimes, may-be, not comprehended,
Yet hearts devout and fervent see them still.
From out the rock He calleth no fresh rill
Of limpid water that the faint may live,
Nor now from Heaven descendeth on “ the Hill ;”
He to the wanderer doth not manna give,
Nor wakes the widow's son that she may no more grieve :

Now need we not such wondrous revelations
Of His existence, and of power Divine ;
Yet still He shows His presence with the nations
By the world's great events, which are the sign.
'Tis He, when circumstances do combine,
Producing some great end, that by His nod
Will'd how one mind or millions should incline,—
Who gives or takes from sway an iron rod,
Though Man deems it *his* work, nor sees the hand of God.

This strangest enterprise, the grand event ;

The marvel that such light should then be shining ;
The energy with which that man was bent
On carrying out the plan of his designing,
E'en at a time when youth was fast declining ;
That quenchless longing, not to be subdued ;
The patience that for years knew no repining ;
The heart that, bow'd by vast ingratitude,
Though sear'd, could not forget its wonted fortitude ;

The mind that, 'midst the moving wilderness,
When dangers seem'd to rise from out the deep,
Undaunted saw, nor trusted aught the less ;
The buoyant hope that, when the waves did heap
Themselves together, and, with headlong sweep,
Rolled mass-like forwards, rose above them, and
With unchang'd mien its ceaseless watch did keep ;—
All, all proclaim that it was God's own hand
That led him o'er the sea to find an unknown land.

OASIS IN THE DESERT.

—◆—
 “ Yet even the greatest griefs
 May be reliefs,
 Could we but take them right, and in their ways.
 Happy is he whose heart
 Hath found the art
 To turn his double griefs to double praise.”

George Herbert.

Now strives anew th' exhausted caravan ;
 On toils each panting wretch, and will not sink :
 What stirring hope can move both beast and man
 Here, amidst death and on destruction's brink,
 Here, where it must be agony to think ?
 A gentle breath that hath awaked each sense,
 A feeling before which despair must shrink,
 That tells of help and verdure not far hence,
 Amid that dry dead sea, that wilderness immense.

The thirsting creatures snuff it in the air ;

That sight invigorates each human breast,
And on all toil amid the burning glare,
With thoughts of some fresh oasis and rest.
In such a journey to the distant west,
'Mid endless tracts we scarcely can call land,
The search for verdure seems an idle quest :
Yet here, from out the ocean's ancient strand,
There flow refreshing rills, e'en here, from out the sand.

Life, too, has, like the earth, its desert places,
Ofttimes of hopeless length and very drear ;
Ungladden'd by the sight of kindly faces,
When grief looks round and finds no solace near.
And such are good : they teach us not to fear,
And serve to strengthen hundredfold our faith
In God's great mercy. Then His love doth cheer
Like waters in the desert ; and His breath
Refreshes our poor hearts, faint even unto death.

AN EVENING WALK.



It was a pleasant evening,
So up the hill we went,
Where stood a ruin'd castle,
Arch, wall, and bridge all rent.

But there was still one gateway
The storms had not thrown down;
'T was broken, though, and cover'd
With golden moss and brown.

And through the broken archway
The bright blue sky look'd in;
And up on high a birch-tree
Did wave its branches thin.

And all was still and silent,
Except the bee's low hum

And our steps on the drawbridge,
As o'er it we did come,

When from the tangled bushes
That now half-fill'd the moat,
A startled blackbird darted,
But utter'd not a note.

My little comrade, stopping,
Did gently press my hand ;
Before us the old archway
All sun-lit there did stand:

“ Now only think if suddenly
A knight should there appear,
On towards us slowly riding,
While we are standing here,

“ And on beneath the archway
With ivy cover'd o'er,
And then at last should vanish
Out at the great old door !

“ Would you not like to see it ?
Oh, think how fine 't would be,
The knight in shining armour,
And riding silently !

“ And on his head a helmet,
And in his hand a lance ;
And then his plume of feathers,
How it would nod and dance !

“ D’ ye think you would be frighten’d ?
I think that I should be,
But yet I wish ’t would happen—
That were a sight to see !”

Thus home we went, still talking
Of knights and prancing steeds,
Of dungeons and of castles,
And valiant knightly deeds,

Scarce noticing the chafer
That noisily humm’d by,
Not heeding e’en the first stars
Just twinkling in the sky.

And where on high the birch-tree
Did wave its branches thin,
Right through the mouldering archway
The moon was looking in.

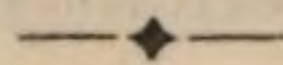
And all the ground was silver’d,
The old walls all were grey,

And all now look'd quite different
From what it did by day.

And from beneath the lindens
The glow-worms' light did peep.
In half an hour after
My little friend did sleep,

Of knights in armour dreaming,
Such as he wish'd to see,
A-riding in the moonlight
All still and silently.

The Ballad
of the
Royal Hunt in the New Forest.



ON a summer's day, in the morning-time,
With archers many and good,
Rode the Red King forth, to surprise the stag
And wake the merry greenwood.

And many a churl was there too that day
To beat up and drive the game,
Whose home had been built 'neath those broad oak-trees,
Long ere he 'd heard William's name.

But the Hunter King, he had driven them forth,
As they now drove out the deer,
And the swineherd's hollow, dull-sounding horn
Dare no more re-echo there.

No longer was heard the blithe woodman's axe,
Nor stave of his Saxon song,
Nor the dance on the frequent holiday,
Nor shout of the festive throng.

One now only met with a troop of deer
At rest in a forest glade ;
Or a buck at gaze, ere he dash'd away
To the covert's deeper shade.

The rotting cot of some forest churl
Might be seen as on one stray'd,
But the fawn now over the threshold skipp'd,
Where his children once had play'd.

On the rippling breath of the morning air
There floated many a curse ;
But what matters that to a sovereign lord ?
He breathes not a whit the worse.

God save me, I pray, from another's curse,
Words mutter'd with meanings dim !
For a curse makes desolate heart and hearth,
Yea, withereth soul and limb.

“ Now hie ye along, all ye Saxon boors,
Ye lagging and mutt'ring crew,

And beware if ye keep not close today,
Or let but one stag break through !”

And then through the wood, where the deer must pass,
Each archer doth take his stand ;
With his yewen bow, and a three-foot shaft,
Fitted ready to his hand.

Oh, that’s delight, to be in the greenwood,
When all is solemnly still,
And there’s hardly a breeze to move the leaves
Atop of the wooded hill ;

And watch with expectant and longing ear
For the merest coming sound ;
And, breathless, at last hear a rustling step
Move stealthily o’er the ground ;

And then to behold, with exulting eye,
The creature with antler’d crest
Emerge from a thicket, whose leafy boughs
Give way ’fore his broad, brown chest ;

And watch how with caution he cometh forth,
And how in his pride of height
He walketh erect o’er the sun-lit sward,
Encircled in golden light ;

And behold him then stand before you there,
In that still forest glade alone ;
Not a bow-shot's length from your own right-hand,
And to feel he is all your own !

Ay, this is delight which none can know
But he who hath roam'd the wood,
And watch'd the deer, and follow'd them close,
Through valley and brake and flood ;

And stopped to listen upon the hill
For sound of the tinkling bell,¹
Awaiting the bay of the bloodhound sure,
Pursuing through yonder dell ;

Then hears by the quickly-repeated yell
The creature is now at bay,
And, mad with expectancy, dashes on
Through bushes and tangled spray.

Oh, none but a hunter can know what's felt,
When looking long, vainly round,²
He findeth at last, by the traces fresh,
Red drops on the mossy ground !

The flower thus stain'd unto him doth bring
More joy than the reddest rose,

It telleth a tale to his heart as dear
As the blush that doth all disclose.

The gay greenwood ! 'T is a lovely world,
With beauty that 's all its own,
And pleasant it is in summer-time
To roam through that world alone.

Now cometh the Second Part.

On came the deer through the sounding wood,
At first like a rising wind ;
Then by they swept with a growing noise,
Till foes were all far behind.

Now on again comes another herd,
They follow their leader's track :
I' the van their chief, his embattled crown
Flung down on his velvet back.

“ Now mark him well as he cometh on !
Take heed when he rushes by !
And when he emerges from yonder oaks,
Be ready, and then let fly ! ”

He stops a moment ; with haughty mien
He casts a quick look around :

“Have heed! the monarch must die today—

Ha! that was a mighty bound.

“Follow him quick with your cloth-yard shaft,

Sir Walter; he nears the glade!

Now let the string right merrily ring,

He must in the dust be laid!”

St. Hubert! still he leads on the van—

Yon monarch dies not today:

A shaft, though sent by a cunning hand,

Finds not the right heart alway.

“Gramercy! sure there is some strange power

To turn thus a shaft awry,

When breeze is none e’en to chase away

Yon cloudlet upon the sky!”

Now, if it be true that God sees when

A sparrow falls to the ground,

Why should He not guide the arrow’s flight

Where the noblest quarry’s found?

But why starts he who has shot his bow,

Why looketh he pale with fright?

Perchance he hath seen some wondrous thing,

Some supernatural sight.

See what he may, he hastens away,
And leaves his good bow behind ;
And when a breeze rustles through the leaves
He's scared like a timid hind.

And on, still onward, and on he flies,
Nor stops till he hears the sea ;
Then at the roar of the sounding shore
He draweth his breath more free.

“ Ho, fisher ! I must away to France,
And thou and thy boat must go ;
A purse right full of good silver marks
Is better than fish, I trow.

“ Now, prithee, for love of God and Christ,
And by his dear Virgin Mother,
If ye delay until break of day,
I never may see another.

“ Now for the boat ! and get her afloat
As quick as ever ye can ;
Nay, waste not breath, 't is for life and death,
For I am a follow'd man !

“ And there is need of the utmost speed,
A price is upon my head ;

The string I drew of my bow of yew,
And a royal hart fell dead !”

“ And so, because of these cursèd laws,
Thou ’rt driven across the sea ?
My boat is thine, and both I and mine
Will aid thee to quickly flee.

“ For sake of a royal hart laid low,
’T were pity that thou shouldst die !”—
I know no more than they left the shore,
And over to France did hie.

Now cometh the Third Part.

The sky was clear and the night serene,
And brightly look’d forth the moon,
Right overhead, in the topmost place,
As high as the sun at noon.

Lone as a boat on the open sea,
Full a thousand miles from land,
So moveth she through the concave depths
Of the blue, serene and bland.

And over the ground a mystic light
Was spread, and over the trees ;

They seem'd to lie in a charm'd sleep,
And silent as frozen seas.

Now, strange is the power the Moon hath got ;
She worketh with potent spell ;
She changes nought, and yet changes all,
Hillside, and river, and dell.

The Sun, he comes with his ardent looks,
He gazes, and all things glow ;
His touch so fervid consumeth some—
Consumes e'en the virgin snow.

Like one who in manhood is strong moves he,
In fulness and pride of health ;
And over the earth that he loves, he spreads
His splendour and golden wealth.

But she, the Moon, she is calm and cold,
Her beams have no warming power,
And bale they work in the brains of men,
If struck at the midnight hour.

Whether she races among the clouds,
Or moves like a pageant queen,
Alike her spell o'er the atmosphere—
Trance-like is her steady sheen.

And all in the wood was hush'd and still,
Not a deer moved o'er the ground ;
But from the depths of the undergrowth
They listen'd, and stared around.

They stare and listen with form erect,
As though they still heard the rout ;
And watchful stand in the silver'd shade,
Too fearful to venture out.

And some lay there in the thicket dense,
Where even at noon 't was cool ;
Or in the sedge, or upon the grass,
Not far from the oft-sought pool.

But these nor listen'd nor peer'd about,
Each eye it was glazed and dim ;
The head flung back, and outstretch'd and stiff
Each active and graceful limb.

And here was death, and around was death :
Was it this made all so still ?
For life, flow calm as it may, when stopp'd,
Is felt like a silenced rill.

Ah, life is strange, and death too is strange !
Strange whether in man or brute ;

And awful, too, is in both the change
That brings on the state that's mute.

And awful it is to feel the heart
Has finish'd to heave and knock ;
Its movement's stopp'd, and now standing still,
As still as a run-down clock.

But where now was he, the Hunter King,
The lord over life and death,
Whom Saxon serf and his houseless child
Both curse, though with stifled breath ?

“ Now surely ye wot, lords of Normandie,
Where he so long doth tarry ? ”
“ Pardie ! he must in the forest stray,
After the wounded quarry. ”

Ay, sound your horns, lords of Normandie ;
The deer they may start and waken,
But no reply from the wood will come,
'Tis mute now and all forsaken !

And men at first they in whispers spoke,
Then louder, but yet not loud ;
And strange surmises, half-utter'd, ran
Among the scared courtier crowd.

With shy mistrust, and with doubt each look'd
Suspicious upon the other;
And keeping close his own thoughts, not one
Did trust to his very brother.

And all remember'd Duke Robert's son,—
'T was scarcely more weeks than five,—
How he to that very forest went,
And never return'd alive.

And in each eye was a restless fear
That told more than words could say.
“A curse!”—the thinker he crossed himself,—
“A curse! no, that cannot slay!”

Now save me, I pray, from another's curse,
Words mutter'd with meanings dim!
For a curse makes desolate heart and hearth,
Yea, withereth soul and limb.

Now cometh the Last Part.

Sweet is the breath of a July morn,
And pleasant each sight and sound
Which through the wood, at the prime of day,
Spreads gladness and joy around.

The sky looks in through the vaulted roof
Of tracery, arch, and beam ;
The vast oak-stems its strong pillars are,
Adown which the sun doth gleam.

And he who walketh at this sweet time,
Abroad in the forest-world,
When all is fresh, and each verdant bough
Is still from the dawn impearl'd,

Him greeteth, at every onward step,
Some sight that is new and strange ;
A shadow here, or a sunbeam there,
Producing fantastic change.

But what moves him, yonder peasant churl
With dull, inanimate look ?
He, surely, feels not the morning's joys,
He hears not the humming brook ?

For shadow nor sunbeam careth he :
However, 't is some strange sight
That holds him there with fix'd, staring look,
And, seemingly, great affright.

Is it, perchance, but the devil's wile ;
Or one of those horrid shapes ³

Which, as 't is said, since the Norman times,
Are seen in these forest brakes?

He goes with his comrades on towards the spot,
'T was under a roadside tree;
There lay a corpse—'t was the Hunter King;
Ay, dead, stricken dead was he.

“Aha!” quoth they, as they saw the shaft
That stuck in the Red King's breast;
“The Fiend he shoots with a right true aim,
His arrows they are infest.”*

Now I do say 't was no demon's work,
Nor wrought by accurs'd spell;
That shaft was guided by God in heaven,
Not sent by a fiend of hell.

The spoiler lay in the wilderness
He had made so vast and lonely;
No friend and no kindred nigh; these men
They utter'd but curses only.

They drag him forth, and each takes a hand,
And two at his feet and head;

* Deadly.

Now care they not for the mighty lord,
His presence inspires no dread.

And so they bare it along, the corpse,
With grim Saxon jest and mirth,
To a rotting cot, and there flung it down;
Down on the desolate hearth.

No Norman lord was there near to lay
The limbs out in decent order;
Three peasant churls were his chamberlains,
And a charcoal-burner warder.

No roof above; 't was all bare, all bare!
The walls were mere tott'ring wrecks:
And his work all;—it was thus he used
To trample on Saxon necks.

The children's songs, and the baby's laugh,
That once made that cot so gay,
Were hush'd; and now not a human voice
Was heard there the livelong day.

“Rout them all forth! both mother and babe!
Nor let one tarry behind;
And who shall slay either hart or doe,
By heaven! him man shall blind!”

So spake he once, the fierce Hunter King,⁴

And each left his home so dear :—

Methinks God's justice is shown herein,

That he hath now such a bier.

Blind, blind he lay in that world of light

Which he to deface had dared ;

And the sunbeams, in fearful mockery,

On the staring eyeballs glared.

No bird sang there ; near that drear hearthstone

Not even a flower did grow :

Deserted he seem'd of Nature's self

Who had outraged Nature so.

The curse of Heaven had fallen on him

Who had loved his deer so well ;

Who human mothers drove forth that there

The roe with her fawn might dwell.

The spoiler then from the ground they lift ;

But that which seem'd dry before,

The corpse, large blood-drops it now lets fall,

Up to where had been once the door.

And step by step, as they bear it on,

Still falleth it, drop by drop :

From where it lay, all along the way,
It oozes and will not stop.

And then in a cart they heave the corse,
Where many a stag had lain ;
Which oft, in gay cavalcade, had held
The deer which the King had slain.

And still, as the crazy horse drags on
The cart with its staring load,
That red bloody sign it follows still,
Ay, on all along the road.

That bloody track like a chain goes back,
Goes back to the rotting cot :
No iron bands, forged by human hands,
Such terrible power have got.

And so they journey on through the wood,
In sunshine and now in shade,
Now winding down through a hollow way,
Now crossing a water'd glade.

The shaft still sticks in the dead man's breast,
And on it the shadows dance :
'Tis seen afar, 'neath the thick boughs, when
The light shineth in askance.

For still erect stands that gleaming thing,
In spite of the ruts and stones ;
Nought shakes it down ; it is planted firm,
Wedged tight in between the bones.

Those Saxon churls who had found the corse
That arrow dared not to touch :
“ It had been sped by the Fiend,” they said ;
“ Ofttimes had they heard of such.

“ He goes to the chase of the Norman race
As they go to hunt the deer ;
A shaft he lets fly, and then one must lie
Outstretch’d on a mossy bier.”

And so they came in to Winchester,
And much folk did run to gaze ;
Each one was scared, and some stood and stared
In fear and in great amaze.

And on, behind the corpse of the King,
Still follow’d that track of gore,
On, through all the streets of Winchester,
Up to his own palace-door.

Like written signs are those red-traced lines,
A fearful and bloody scroll ;—

God grant that blood may but wash away
The guilt that's upon his soul!

Then to the abbey of Winchester
The priests with the body go,
And prayers were said at the dead man's head,
And masses not few, I trow.

So this is the tale of the famous hunt
Where William the Red was slain;—
Though roughly told, yet I fain would hold
'T will not be withouten gain.

NOTES.

There is, as I have lately learned, a (modern) ballad on the same subject—the death of William Rufus—and possessing considerable merit, but I have not yet had the good fortune to meet with it.

¹ “*The sound of the tinkling bell.*”—Part I. verse 17.

For those not versed in “the noble science of venerie,” the following explanation will render the allusion intelligible. When a stag has been wounded, and there is reason to think, from the appearance of the slot, or from other signs, that he cannot go far, the bloodhound is put upon his traces: he is not, however, held in a leash, as is the case on other occasions, but is allowed to run at full liberty. Round his neck a small bell is attached, so that, as he ranges through the forest or dense thicket, in pursuit of the wounded game, keeping

always unerringly on its traces, you can hear whereabouts he is, and on which side of the wood the stag is likely to emerge, and so be prepared to meet him.

The blood-hound gives tongue only when the game is in view. But when the stag is at bay, the sound is quite different from that while in pursuit; it is then a quickly-repeated bark, almost a yell—angry, impetuous, sharp, and high. You may hear it from afar; you see nothing, it is true, but you know, nevertheless, exactly what is going on there, as though you were on the spot. You know that the mighty stag is standing in the wood, unable to go further, with his antlers to the ground, and defending himself against the blood-hound, which, maddened with excitement and fury, flies at his throat, or strives to fix on his haunches, and so tear him to the earth. All this you see as you dash towards the spot to secure the prey: the whole scene is as distinctly visible as though it were really before your eyes.

² “*When looking long vainly round.*”—Part I. verse 19.

When the stag does not fall immediately after the shot, the first thing is to see if he has been wounded or not. It sometimes happens that for many paces from the spot where he passed at the moment of being struck, no traces of his being wounded are to be found. It is an anxious moment then, while looking with strained eye upon every blade of grass, or on the bushes, or against the stems of the trees, for some sign or other to tell we have not missed; and when, after looking long around in vain, some “red drops” *are* at last found, the exultation of the moment is not easy to be described.

³ “*One of those horrid shapes.*”—Part IV. verse 7.

The devastation caused in forming the New Forest was frightful: thirty-six parishes were destroyed. The chase had hitherto been the sole means of subsistence to many a one who now, by the sanguinary forest-laws, was at once deprived of it. The Saxon peasant was despoiled of his land, and turned adrift. Such acts seemed to cry aloud for retribution; and men deemed that the powers of darkness were leagued to punish them. It was said that the devil appeared to the

Normans in the most horrible shapes, as they passed the forest; and that a frightful end awaited them, the King, and his councillors; and the events that really did happen there confirmed the superstitious in their belief. In 1081 one of the Conqueror's sons, while riding in the Forest, was crushed against a tree. That it was looked upon as a visitation of Heaven is natural. In May, 1100, his nephew lost there his life; and in the July following, William Rufus was killed.

⁴ “*So spake he once, the fierce Hunter King.*”—Part IV. verse 18.

The law, that whoever should slay stag, hart, or hind, “him man should blind,” was made by William the Conqueror, and *not* by his son. William Rufus was, however, more severe than his father in enforcing those ruthless laws which ministered to his passion for the chase; but it is only right to state that this most monstrous one was not of his enactment, though in the ballad I have attributed it to him for poetical purposes. His crimes are numerous enough without my adding one to their number.

THE SONG OF STARVATION.

WRITTEN IN 1845.



Ho! why should not I, the King Starvation,
 Be heard with the rest in "this great nation"?
 'Tis true, my wont is to work in quiet;
 Not talk of my doings and make a riot.
 When *I* go to meetings 'tis not to speak,
 But to watch those creatures, once strong and sleek,
 Who now, with lean bodies and lantern jaws,
 Follow hireling speakers on "Corn" and "Laws;"
 Or to laugh when some busy and witless fools
 Tell of what is done in their wretched schools;
 And I scream with derision till almost hoarse,
 When they talk of expelling me hence by force.
 No, here I shall stay—I shall no more roam;
 For never before felt I so at home.

The fools! to dream of my going away!
 Just now when I've got such a "glut" of prey;

While he too is living, old Dan, my pet,
The very best caterer I've had yet.
The crop that I reap from his good sowing
Is rich to excess and overflowing,
So well he entices his rabble rout
To quit their rich fields to go mooning about;
For they, dear fools! are content to swallow
His lying words and his boasts so hollow.

Yet be it not thought that I love not men;
I love them above all human ken,
As in bounden duty, for they of late
Have upheld me here in unwonted state.
And though some talk of expelling me hence,
I know it is nothing but mere pretence;
And while ministers speak of "the nation's weal,"
I wait and watch for my million meal;
And should I devour a million more,
I know there's another kept snug in store.

Yet at times, if I want a few thousand clowns,
In comes a long bill "On the Health of Towns;"
With heaps of remarks upon "Water" and "Wealth,"
"Systems" and "Sewers," and "Bills of Health."
Bills of health! Why Bills of Starvation
Would be fitter far for the English nation;

For I drive a good traffic in human creatures ;
Not Negro flesh, but with fair bright features,
A vigorous, strong, and muscular set,
The finest I've had to contend with yet.
But I'm taming their pride, and am paying off
Old scores not forgotten, and many a scoff
When they boasted I dared not approach their land ;
Yet I've got them now pretty tight in hand.
They know me now, and shall know me better,
In spite of "the House," or a long "Queen's letter."
The House, its Committees and all, is fudge,
And do what they will there, I shall not budge.

I stalk through the land in bright open day,
And never a soul flies screaming away,
As once when they saw my cadaverous features—
But they know me now, the deluded creatures ;
And in crowded streets, when I jostle by,
And elbow the passers, and fix my eye
On their pamper'd bodies, in vain reliance
They fling me a look of contempt and defiance ;
They think, the poor fools, to escape my grip,
As if I should once let my chosen slip !

I come as a Conqueror now forsooth,
Though none will acknowledge the hateful truth ;

And, tramp I the streets by day or by night,
See plenty to gladden a victor's sight.
I need but to enter the next-best alley,
I'm sure to find there some Betty or Sally,
With unearthly eyes, and hard bony fingers,
Still working as long as life's spirit lingers.
This clinging to life, it is wondrous strong :
They clutch at existence, and strangely long
To eke out their days, and to make life last,
E'en while o'er their lips it is ebbing fast.

I lately enter'd an Irish hovel,
In hopes to witness a something novel ;
I had not believed it, had I been told,
That man in my presence dare be so bold :
A father crept up to his children's beds,
Not daring to look, he *felt* for their heads—
'T was a sight upon which my memory gloats—
And drew his sharp razor across their throats :
'T was I who at last made him do the deed :
We may always reap where we sow good seed !

And look at the monuments raised to me,
All telling of "glorious victory ;"
And far more in number, ten thousandfold,
Than Paul's or the Abbey could ever hold !

Such figures and groups, too, as beat, I trow,
The Bishop of London's twopenny show.
My monuments neither are made of stone,
Though nearly as cold, but of skin and bone;
And as to expression, you will not see
The like but in those that are meant for me.
Each limb seems to tell of the fainting strength
That has borne up long, but has sunk at length;
And the hopeless eyes speak of tamed despair,
As they slowly fix in a dying stare.

For poet or painter, who had a mind
To finish his studies of human kind,
The scenes I could show were above all price;
But he must not be nervous or over-nice.
He'd see, under suffering, pain, and smart,
That strangest of all things, the human heart;
Would see how perversely men WILL live on,
When every joy in the world is gone.

Throughout the world there's no city for me
Like London in all its immensity,
Where hollow-eyed Poverty stalks near Wealth
In privileged freedom, and not by stealth,
But bold as its lacquey in coloured suits,
Its livery rags, and its skin for boots.

Had artist but seen what I saw today,
He 'd made some good studies of life's decay.
'T was near a frequented and busy street,
Where, tide-like, the thousands stream on and meet ;
The scene was a chamber, a den, so small,
With nothing but four sides of barren wall.
The group was a family ; father, mother,
With four little daughters and their young brother.
Much cherish'd was he ; and his mother seem'd
To hope still from death he might be redeem'd ;
For spite of the hum, and the noise, and roar,
She knew my step as I near'd their door.
She felt by her own fast-declining force
All soon would be over : and from that source
Whence, smiling, its lips had so often quaff'd,
She fain would have given a parting draught.
The thought was a mad one, for—and she sigh'd—
The spring was exhausted ; the fountain dried.
The husband, once muscular, now at length
Lay vanquish'd ; stretch'd out in his faded strength.
No longer he breathed, and the fool began weeping,
Because o'er his body death's chill was creeping,
As though such a parting would be for long,
Or just as if she were so mighty strong,
And could hope to do much against me, Starvation,
Though she battled, in truth, with a desperation,

And roused herself up as I got near her,
And shook me off so, I nigh did fear her.
But nature could no longer stand the bout;
She felt I was master; so stretching out
Her arms to her husband, who lay close by,
With look of despair, but a tearless eye,
Sank dead on the earth, for they had no bed,—
That was gone, months ago, to purchase bread.
'T was perhaps for her children that she did strive,
Though useless the effort, to keep alive.
For they, one by one, will all die this night,
And lie stiff and stark in the morning light.

Although not in triumph with fife or drum,
Yet no less as Conqueror do I come;
The trumpet and cymbals I leave to those
Who deem there is fame in such empty shows.
Yet have I my music, but dull its tones,
For sighs are the high notes, the deep ones groans;
And these, never failing when I appear,
Speak louder than trumpets, if men would hear.

My claim to the title is one of Right,
Supported, besides, by resistless might.
What conqueror ever, before I came,
Did make by his nod a whole nation tame?

Save Pestilence, none ! There was ne'er another ;
And he, after all, is my own twin-brother.

The Mighty are powerless if I wend
My eye but upon them, and bid them bend ;
The Strong quake to see *my* banner unfurl'd ;
I vanquish the victor of half a world ;
And when I approach with my giant stride,
Soon humbled, I trow, is the rankest pride.

My deeds are unparallel'd : there is none
Could hope to compare with what I have done ;
And nowhere those deeds have such homage found,
As just in this country,—on British ground.

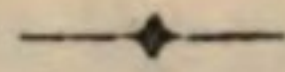
In many a cottage my name is heard,
In many a mouth you hear that one word ;
And all through the land men now talk of me,
As they once talk'd of Nelson's great victory.

THE LAST MOMENTS OF THE DEPARTING YEAR.

—◆—
All, all is still !

The earth and air, in frost-bound silence, wait
Until the iron, with harsh-sounding clang,
Shall strike the death-blow of the sinking Year.
Each instant brings him nearer to his doom :
The counted minutes run out one by one—
Another portion's gone—oh, hold awhile !—
But one more minute and his course is done !
Hush ! it will strike ! Hold, hold your breath—it swings !
The iron falls ! He's in Eternity !

ON READING THE ACCOUNT OF
R. B. HAYDON'S DEATH.



POOR heart ! I little thought, when thee I met—
'T is scarce a year—in thy own painting-room,
And talk'd of pictures, some not done as yet,
But whose accomplishment should cheer the gloom
Above thy path, alas ! to what a doom,
I little thought to hear such tale of sorrow
As came today : to me 't was like the boom,
Dull, low, and sullen, o'er the ocean hollow,
'That tells of human woe where none may help or follow.

And well do I remember thy glad look,
And the pleased question, " If 't were really so ? "
As though I flatter'd, or perchance mistook,
To hear that men abroad thy name did know.
For I had quitted England long ago ;
And it delighted me that I was able,
Amid thy disappointments, thus to throw

A pleasant word : for Fortune, so instable,
To thee had made Success seem ever a mere fable.

Oh, heaven ! 't is sad to think of ! What a host
Of broken hopes, and agonies and woes,
And cherish'd wishes overthrown or cross'd,
Must have convulsed that heart with dreadful throes !
How great its struggle to sustain—who knows ?—
Alas ! but too impatient for the goal,
To free itself from what Thou didst impose,
Almighty God ! Yet Thou but know'st the whole
Extent of grief that bow'd his sorely-burden'd soul !

INSCRIPTION FOR A SPRING.

NAY, Wand'rer, rest awhile! A few steps more
 And this cool labyrinth of shade is o'er.
 Sequester'd is this spot; but further on
 The soften'd light and still repose are gone.
 There, with untemper'd brightness, glares the sun,
 And thou may'st faint before thy course is done;
 There, too, discordant noises reach the ear,
 And sounds of human turmoil or of fear;
 While here, Repose has taken up her dwelling,
 Quite undisturb'd, save by my gentle welling.
 Then pause awhile, nor hasten on, like Youth,
 To test Life's noontide, where all is not sooth
 That seem'd so; and where all pant for shade
 And for the coolness of some forest glade.
 Nay, hasten not; but rest beside my brink,
 And ere thou goest, stoop, Wanderer, stoop and drink!
 For I am pure, though lowly, and I give

New strength and vigour to all things that live ;
And e'en remembrance of the limpid spring
A sweet refreshment to thy heart will bring,
Just as the mem'ry of his childhood's days
Revives the pilgrim on Life's toilsome ways.
Then rest awhile, and to my mossy brink
Incline thy lips : stoop, Wanderer, stoop and drink !

PARTINGS.



It is not the moment when friends ~~do~~ part, *must*
 And the kiss and the last sad greeting,
 And the thoughts which then of themselves will start
 To contrast with our late glad meeting ;

Oh, it is not then, though our heart o'erflows,
 That we feel the most poignant sorrow !
 'T is when we behold the last farewell waved,
 And we know that we may not follow.

'T is while we are watching the loved ones go,
 Until hid by the trees they vanish ;
 When we still there stand, overcome by woe
 And by thoughts which we cannot banish.

And then, as away from the spot we turn,
 Towards some dear and accustom'd places,

Oh, now does the heart so intensely yearn
For a sight of the well-known faces !

And we wander on, hardly knowing where
We are going, or what we're seeking ;
We're crush'd by a weight—e'en the very air
Seems to choke our attempts at speaking.

Oh, then is the moment of poignant grief,
When alone the dear ones have left us ;
We feel as though nothing could bring relief,
And as if e'en Hope were bereft us !

No ; 't is not the moment when dear friends part,
For we then to our heart may press them ;
And though deep the pang, and severe the smart,
Still we have, oh, we still possess them !

But when the last look has been interchanged,
And the last ling'ring word been spoken,
'T is then the heart sinks !—then all seems estranged,
And we are as a reed that's broken.

THE LAST HOUR OF THE OLD YEAR.

—◆—
The quarters strike ;
And heavily falls, with muffled sound, the bell
Of the cathedral clock eleven times !
At the same moment, with a hurrying step,
I hear some person pass. The corridor
Before my chamber echoes with the sound
Which the quick footfall in that vaulted place
Hath left behind it.

It is very still
Now that the low, reverberating noise
Caused by the unknown rusher-by is hushed !
Who could it be, and why such desperate haste,
At this late hour ? Can it have aught to do
With the old Year, beside whose weary couch
Death stands and waits ? 'Tis the eleventh hour,
Too late, alas ! for help, if help be sought.
In the whole building not a window shines,

Save where the lamps, those watchers through the night,
Still unextinguish'd burn.

All sleep : and thou, old friend, they all leave thee
To breathe thy last alone ! No friend is near
To wait the moment when thy spirit flies.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

* * * * *

Thou singest not as if 't were for mere pleasure,
 From but instinctive impulse and delight,
 Because thy heart is full beyond all measure,
 And so didst pour it forth unto the night :

Not as thou hadst a care for listeners,
 Or didst find pleasure in thine own wild song :
 More deep the cause that thus within thee stirs
 An overflowing stream of tones, which throng

One on the other, like the bending waves,
 That lapse, yet cease not, but do follow still ;
 A-murmuring gently through the deep-voiced caves,
 And rippling 'gainst the rocks at their own will.

Nor is thy voice that of ecstatic love—
 All feelings blended in one thrilling sound ;

Though it by fits is like the wooing dove,
Breathing an air of tenderness around ;

Anon then changing suddenly, as though
Some store of joy at length had found a voice,
And fast and eager gave it utterance so,
Ere the full heart had finish'd to rejoice.

Thine seemeth not *one* voice, but many, flowing
Like welling streams escaping from their thrall,
Stopp'd but by floating lilies near them growing,
And making many a noisy waterfall,—

A rivulet of voices, sweetly blending
In choral harmony ; then quickly after
Changing, beyond all human comprehending,
Now to a voice of grief, and now of laughter.

As sudden as the sun in April-time,
It bursts in gladness forth, fresh, thrilling, loud ;
Partaking, like the year's most fitful prime,
Of joy and gloom—the rainbow and the cloud.

I almost deem thou art a creature gifted
With sight of things shut out from earth-bound men ;
And thus, when sibyl-like thy soul's uplifted,
Proclaim'st in ecstasy what meets thy ken.

And could the seaman from the moon-lit deck
Hear thy unearthly voice upon the waves,
Well might he peer around to find a speck
Upon the waters ; deeming from their caves,

All rosy-shell'd, some habitant had come—
A mermaid with her luring song, which she,
Now all was hush'd save Ocean's ceaseless hum,
Did chant while borne upon the rippling sea.

For then would Fancy call up tales of old,
Of wonders seen and heard upon the deep,—
Of sea-folk, whose sweet voices, as 't is told,
Will lull unwary mariners to sleep ;

Who dwell beneath the wonder-bestrew'd ocean,
Yet oft uprise to sing and take their pleasure,
With gently heaving, undulating motion,
In ceaseless cadence and in tuneful measure.

* * * * *

The very spot on which the creature sits,
Whence all night long her siren voice is heard,
As though she call'd in her dreamy fits,
And converse held with some unearthly bird,

Does seem enchanted ; and the lucid air
An atmosphere of moonbeams and of sound,
Which she, the charmer, by her presence there,
Spreads like a spell o'er all the common ground.

To listen, if the night to her belong,
She suddenly 'will stop : all, all is still.
Anon she silence breaks, and then her song
But faster flows, like an obstructed rill.

And then the tones, as in confusion brought,
Fall thick and rapid, loudly glad and low ;
As minds once clear and bright, but now distraught,
With mirthless laughter break the plaints of woe.

* * * * *

That voice in listening silence all hath bound,
So wild and thrilling is its witching tone ;
A wondrous melody—a stream of sound
That floateth on and on, still ever, ever on.

RHYMES.

—◆—
TO A LITTLE GIRL WHO WAS CRYING.

No crying, Mary, no ! Your little face
Should always be, you know, a pleasant place
On which Papa may look. Why, he'd not know
His little Mary if he saw her so.
Quick, quick then, quick, and drive those tears away,
Lest Papa come and ask, "Is that my May?"

Though clouds, black clouds, *will* sometimes dim the sky,
The very gloomiest is soon gone by.
All then looks cheerful, and is fresh and bright,
The meadows laugh—ay, laugh—with sheer delight.
Well, then, suppose you were to do as they,
And manage to make that sad face look gay.
So dry your tears, and if one drop should wile,
We'll make a rainbow with a sunny smile.

EVENING.



'T WAS April-time, and evening. Some days more
 The month had still to count, and though sweet May,
 Like a young dancer waiting for his turn
 To step into the round,—so near,—seem'd all
 Impatient to bound o'er the slopes and fields,
 And lovingly with warm breath coax the flowers
 To wake and show themselves, fresh was the time
 And changeful, April weather. Full of smiles
 At first, and gay and bright as though he were
 Betroth'd to sunny May, he full soon changed.
 He hid his laughing face, and wrapp'd himself
 Up in a snowy mantle. Thus more like
 Stern old December's son than ardent fant
 Who on his face might feel a maiden's breath
 So near approaching him, and all his limbs
 Be penetrated by the radiant warmth
 Of her young swelling form. And still he frown'd,

And would not be more gentle. Shrill and loud,
In sullen mood, he whistled for himself ;
And not the full buds nor the teeming earth
Could move him kindly.

And I stood beside
A field of some few acres, where the corn,
Mere grass as yet, put forth its bright young green.
'T was full of promise ; yet, methought, how much
May happen to mar all our present hopes
Of future plenty ere the harvest come !
And will the sheaves be full and blessing-laden,
Or shall again men sorrow, and the land
Cry unto God in anguish ?

As these words
Were spoken mentally, a lark sprang up,
And, hovering o'er the cornfield, filled the air
With sounds of joy. It was as he foresaw
The blessings which that spot of earth should bear,
And so pour'd forth a hymn of thankfulness
To God in Heaven. Still he kept aloof,
Not bounding upwards to the highest cloud,
But at mid-distance ; and there sang and sang
In loudest ecstasy, as o'er that field
He seem'd to hover like the holy dove.
The sun now sank behind the clouds, and down
The creature dropt. His song was eloquent

As words imparted by a spirit's voice.
I homeward went rejoicing ; for the hope
Was quick within my heart that all the land
Would bring forth fruitfully, and the nodding ears
Fall thick and heavy in the reapers' arms.
Nor could I feel such joyous song but as
An admonition that, in gloomy thought,
I for a moment with a faltering hope
Had read the future. But thy song attuned
My heart, sweet bird, and gave it back its joy.

So let me be admonish'd, Lord, each time
That faithless heart forgets its trust in Thee !

TO THE ARCHDUKE JOHN,

ON HIS ELECTION TO THE SUPREME POWER BY THE PARLIAMENT
ASSEMBLED AT FRANKFURT-ON-THE-MAINE, 1848.¹



HAIL, noble Prince and stalwart mountaineer !

Thou who hast climb'd unto the highest peak
Of Alpine rocks so desolate and drear,

Where nought is heard save the roused eagle's shriek !

Firm was thy foot, and o'er the abyss where weak
And giddy heads had not e'en dared to look,

Thou steppedst boldly, and didst gaily seek
Some untrod path, or that the chamois took
When bounding off surprised he left his shelter'd nook.

Thou standest now upon a higher peak

Than thou hast yet e'er climb'd. Before thee lies
An empire wide extended. Like a streak

On the far-off horizon heave and rise

The Baltic's waves ; and there, in sunny dyes,

The Adriatic lulls itself to rest.

Around lie towns and cities : here there plies
His toil the husbandman, once deem'd so blest,
But now, alas ! the slave of Passion's mad behest.

Like clouds around some mighty mountain's brow

Rise sighs and exhalations from men's tears :

They rise on high to where thou standest now,

And gloomy wait until the sun appears.

Thou art that sun which shall dispel men's fears,

And give thy country's sky its cheerful blue.

As men of old did turn unto the seers,

Seeking for aid when none knew what to do,

So now all turn to thee with faith most firm and true.

God give thee strength, my Prince, and may'st thou stand

Upon thy present eminence with eye

And foot as steady as when, staff in hand,

Thou trodd'st some narrow path up near the sky,

Where one false step had dash'd thee from on high !

Giddy's the height and perilous beside,

For deep chasms yawning all around thee lie.

A staff thou needest now lest ill betide :—

Reliance firm on God, and heart withouten pride.

Thou hast beheld the eagle in his flight,

Soaring on high above the eternal snows ;

Thou, too, hast seen how, radiant with light,
In mid-air, phoenix-like, his plumage glows,
Ere yet the sunrise on the glacier throws
Its bright resplendence. So, too, let thy hand
Rear high o'er party feuds and petty woes
The eagle banner of the German land,
That its fair brightness gleam on many a distant strand.

¹ The hopes formed of this assembly, and the enthusiasm which the election of the Archduke John called forth, are not to be judged of by the results. These were certainly inadequate to the expectations raised; but it is nevertheless impossible to deny that it was a touching spectacle thus to behold a whole people striving with befitting earnestness for the attainment of a cherished aim, and with one accord looking to a single man as their leader and their guide.

Partisan and opponent must alike allow that some of the best and noblest energies were involved in the struggle. Of this there is no doubt; but he only who was in Germany at the time can judge the matter, or know how great was the commotion it occasioned in all men's minds.

The Archduke is known for his skill in climbing and chamois-hunting, which will explain certain allusions in the different verses.

WOODCRAFT.

Even he who is not a sportsman will understand somewhat of the pleasure which is felt when the stalker in the forest or the hunter on the mountain has been so fortunate as to bring down a stag of more than usual size. But *all* the delight none other *can* know save he who has himself experienced the fears, the longings, the anxiety and the tremor of hope as it now rises and now ebbs again. In proportion, therefore, to the interest he feels in all that relates to "merrie woodcraft," does every event concerning it rise into importance in his eyes, just as with other persons certain other matters. To bring down a stag of sixteen or eighteen, therefore, is a matter of great rejoicing. A friend of mine, Franz von Kobell, having shot such a one, he immediately imparted the glad tidings to certain of his friends in a few lines of rhyme, to which the following five verses were my answer. I may remark here that in Germany the sportsman, when he has shot a hart, sticks a sprig of oak in his cap as a trophy, allusion to which is made in the second verse. The sprays at the end of the antler form what is called "the Crown" (*die Krone*), and when there are three such or more, the stag is pronounced a "royal" hart.

HURRAH, hurrah ! for the merrie woodcraft,

Hurrah ! for the brave red-deer,

And the oak so green, with its bright gay sheen,

Let's give them a hearty cheer !

The poet he cares for the laurel branch,
And sings to it songs of praise,
But the oak is the tree we hunters love,
'Tis thence that we pluck *our* bays.

Though loyal men all, if a royal head fall,
We exult such a deed to see,
And the higher the crown that we've tumbled down,
The greater our joy and glee.

Nor feel we less glad when some comrade true
Such deed of himself can tell ;
We share in his joy as we listen how
The monarch so mighty fell.

So here is to one, to a right good friend—
Fill up to the brim, I say !—
“ Franz Kobell : hurrah ! ” Still another cheer—
“ His stag of eighteen : hurrah ! ”

The occasion of the other lines was as follows. After the year 1848, when it seemed that the will of the individual was the sole law acknowledged, the game throughout the country was everywhere destroyed. The forests where we had so often seen the red-deer and the roe were now depopulated. When out in the woods one day a

good stag was, however, shot; and though formerly such an event would have caused a pleasurable excitement, I do not know how it was; but this time we all felt, I believe, more regret than satisfaction, for he probably was the last we should see in those pleasant woods. As the stag in question was a very fine one, and the antlers of great size, I thought it worth while to announce the event to a friend, who I knew would be glad to hear it, and on reaching home, therefore, I sent off the following verses "as a record:"—

This day one of a noble race
Was by his foes laid low;
Brief record therefore I indite,
That you the truth may know.

Of royal blood,—a king forsooth,
Quadruple crown he wore;
And this, his mark of majesty,
With right proud mien he bore.

For like two strong indented towers
It rose above his head;
And as beseems one born a king,
He wearing it fell dead.

Around his diadem there stood
Fourteen high battlements:
Ay, by my troth, that was a sight
As rarely crown presents!

Erect and high he carried it,
Despite the weight of years ;
For he as monarch stood alone
Amid all his compeers.

And as he lay upon the earth
His giant length along,
Then first you saw how vast his bulk,
How powerful and strong.

His stout neck like those giants' was
Who lived in days of yore ;
And when he forth to battle went,
Few could him stand before.

But as we gazed upon the dead,
Then sadder grew each face,
For we did think, " Might he not be
The last of all his race ?"

And though on him and his we warr'd,
It grieved us much to know
That we, perchance, should never meet
Again with such a foe.

And he who slew him equal was
In rank unto himself :

No vulgar, base, or venal hand,
That did the deed for pelf!

A prince it was, with fatal shot,
Who took the monarch's life;
For from his side the dark red tide
Told ended was the strife.

Prince Taxis is the name of him
Who slew the forest king;
They met each other in the wood
Which death to one did bring.

When this event did come to pass
I here record the date:
The ninth month, twenty-seventh day,
In Anno 'Forty-eight.

THE BATTLE OF NOVARA.

—◆—

“Das Losungswort ist—Turin.”—*Proclamation of Radetsky.*

“SOLDIERS!” the brave old Field-Marshal cried,
 “The truce is over, and we’re defied
 By Carl Alberto on t’ other side
 The Ticino, near Novara!”

“Turin’s the word! So, without delay,
 Let’s forwards and hear what he has to say,
 And if we have time, we’ll stop and pay
 Him a visit at Novara!”

At these glad tidings the men hurrah’d;
 The bands gave the Marshal a serenade,
 And “Gott erhalte den Kaiser!”¹ play’d,
 Before they march’d to Novara.

¹ The Austrian national anthem, “God save the Emperor!”

Some Grenadiers came that afternoon
To Father Radetsky, to ask, as boon,
That should he be pleased to command them soon
To storm Turin or Novara,

He'd graciously please let them be first.
The brave fellows' hearts were ready to burst
When he said, "I know you for honour thirst;
The Regiment Wasa shall be the first
To storm Turin or Novara!"

And so from Milan they all march'd out,
Some sixty thousand or thereabout,
Determined to put the foe to rout,
And march straight into Novara.

Each corps then took a different road
To where the river Ticino flow'd,
Intending though, as they later show'd,
To meet again at Novara.

Till late at night did the crossing last;
And soon as the first division pass'd,
To Gambolo straight it press'd on fast,
That being the road to Novara.

But here they saw that the way was barr'd
By Carlo Alberto's *avant-garde*;
However that did not much retard
Their march on towards Novara.

For Wratislaw on his first corps led,
And Wohlgemuth's columns forwards sped;
But 't was not enough, the General said,
To force the road to Novara.

So the Archduke Albert advanced, and when
He had clear'd the road with his Austrian men,
They stopp'd a little to breathe, and then
On towards Turin and Novara.

'T was here that Benedek won renown,
For he and his men twice storm'd the town,
With their good bayonets striking down
Who stood 'twixt them and Novara.

The sun was setting when they begun;
'T was dark long before the work was done;
Yet, notwithstanding, Mortara's won!—
'T will do to rhyme with Novara.

And soon they before Olengo came:
Till then one never had heard the name,

Though now 't is a spot well known to Fame :

Olengo, before Novara !

They thought that here was a mere stoccade,

With some few men of a horse brigade,

When suddenly open'd a cannonade

To stop their march to Novara.

The columns form while the plan is laid,

And on they rush to the barricade,

Because, they said, they would not be stay'd

From going straight on to Novara.

But soon they found, to their great surprise,

Awaiting them there an army lies,

With batteries ready, and good supplies,

To keep them back from Novara.

By Heaven ! the fight grows terribly hot,

Those sixteen-pounders pour down their shot

As though they 'd destroy each man, and not

Leave one to enter Novara.

The Archduke Albert was here and there,

In truth he seem'd to be everywhere,

Telling the men to stand firm, nor care

For aught but gaining Novara.

With two brigades he there bore the brunt,
And like a hero maintain'd his front,
Despite the attempts of the foe to hunt
Him back again from Novara.

Olengo is storm'd :—but now they wait ;
They 've fought since ten, and it 's getting late ;
However they 'll hold, at any rate,
The road that leads to Novara.

And just as the clocks were striking four,
Appel comes up with his brave third corps :
“ Hurrah ! now at them ! ” and on they tore,
Ay, on, right on to Novara !

And D'Aspre then, straining every nerve,
In double-quick time brings up the reserve ;
The Albertos before their bayonets swerve,
And back they fall on Novara.

And then Count Thurn, on the enemy's flank,
Dash'd forwards, and bore down rank and rank,
Driving them on over bush and bank,
Up to the walls of Novara.

And through the streets the Albertos fled,
Beaten and broke, and half-wild with dread ;

Yet still they made the dark sky grow red,
By setting fire to Novara.

From every side the battalions then
Follow'd them into their burning den;
Ay, that's the way that the Emperor's men
Maintain the road to Novara!

And who fought best it were hard to say;
Each one was first on that glorious day,
Determined never to quit the way
That led to Turin and Novara.

Kinsky, Baumgarten, and Franz Karl² too,
Were there, and did as they always do;
And where 't was hottest their standards flew,
At the battle of Novara.

Wherever the bullets were thickest sent,
The ninth battalion of Jäger went:
The "Wiener Freiwillige"³ they were bent
On being the first in Novara.

² The names of regiments. In the Austrian army many regiments are named after celebrated men. One bears the name of "Wellington."

³ The "Vienna Volunteers."

And on, still onwards, the army sped,
The whole night long might be heard their tread ;
And so they did as the Marshal said,
And march'd straight into Novara.

“NAY, FRIEND, IT IS NOT SO.”

“—— said today there was no longer any poetry, and that the times were not such as to produce a poet.” (August, 1849.)

NAY, Friend, it is not so. Since the young earth,
 With beauty for its dowry, smiling came
 From God's own hand, there never was a dearth
 Of living poesy ; and though the name
 Of those emotions which, e'en as a flame,
 Consumed the too full heart, might be unknown
 To him who felt them : they were still the same
 As those by poets into link'd words thrown,
 Though, utterance finding not, these stir *one* breast alone.

And if of those who, prophet-like, have spoken,
 There for a time may seem a sudden dearth,
 Deem not th' oppressive silence is a token
 That such great souls have vanish'd from the earth.

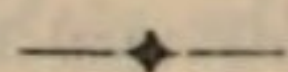
Before th' appointed time they give not birth
To what for years was growing up within;
But *then* the strong voice reaches every hearth:
Clear rise its tones o'er the subsiding din
Of strife and sudden change, and lure men back from sin.

Events have power o'er the poet's mind;
They mould and even dictate its creations.
Amid the storm, when other eyes are blind,
And revolution preys upon the nations,
He watches steadfast, though no revelations
From his mute lips be utter'd for a sign.
So when the thunder-cloud bodes devastations,
No gleaming bow upon it will recline,
Till light and rain-drops shed their influence benign.

As then it comes in all its radiant beauty,
And takes its place in heaven, so *he* appears;
Reminding men of God, religion, duty,
Words which before had sounded in their ears
Quite strange and meaningless, from many years
Of blackest thoughts and deeds—a moral night.
But now their hearts are softened by the tears
Their woes press'd from them:—there's a gleam of
light,
And so the poet comes to exercise his might!

And he who rightly understands his calling,
And how transcendent his refining art ;
Who feels its might in rescuing the falling,
And what its influence o'er the human heart ;
Such one deliberately will not depart
From that bright path exclusively his own ;
Nor, venal, offer at the public mart,
To tastes depraved, or those to license prone,
Those powers which, rightly used, had been to him a
throne.

RECOLLECTIONS.



At times,
 Shapes which we fancy to have seen before,
 Come floating o'er the ocean of our soul ;
 Now on a wave-top rising to the view,
 Then suddenly vanishing. May not these
 Be recollections of a pre-existence,—
 The waifs, perchance, borne from another land ?

As the strange plants and curiously carved wood,
 Found drifting from the West by mariners
 Long centuries gone,—whence coming, no man knew—
 Hinted th' existence of a world beyond ;
 So do these memories, cast upon the shore
 Of thought and present being, give us hints
 Our Now is join'd to a mysterious Past,
 Though an unfathom'd ocean lie between.

ON HEARING THE NEWS OF THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA'S DEATH.



“He sendeth forth his commandments on earth : his word runneth very swiftly.”—*Psalms*.

AND he is fall'n : yet let us not exult,

Though as his foe we combated his might.

We have not conquer'd him ; a power occult

In silence touch'd him, dimming his keen sight,

And gently led him down to stagnant night.

With awe repeat we then th' astounding word

The startled nations wondering have heard.

Ay, and with reverence let that word, “dead !”

Pass o'er our lips as we relate the fact,

That he, whose one sole word caused millions dread,

Whose mere will weigh'd more than another's act,

Has bow'd his head before a tyrant's pact ;

Hath been made captive, and been led away
From wife and children, subjects, home, and sway.

Yet not because the captive is a Czar

Does this event inspire our minds with awe,—
Death, we well knew, acknowledges no bar:—

But 't is the suddenness which none foresaw ;

The moment ;—now when issuing his law,
Calling his legions from north, east, and west,
Thus to be summon'd too, and bidden to his rest !

Now, when his voice had roused the Tartar hordes,

When e'en the Bashkirs hear the cry, "To arms !"
And swarming Cossacks throng across their fords ;

Now, when from Tobolsk to the Ukraine farms,

All hasten on to answer the alarms ;

While yet resounds, "Come forward and face death !"
Himself to meet it, and resign his breath !

Well may we pause, and in humility

Reflect how powerless is human might

Opposed to God's ; when e'en the strongest, he

Who threaten'd he would send into the fight

A million men to battle for his right,

Droops in the evening like a gather'd flower,

And lies a corpse before the morning hour.

Despite the sentry at his chamber-door,
The one intruder still hath pass'd within.
May not the same tomorrow stand before
Our threshold, entering without noise or din,
And lead us too away from friends and kin?
Can we exult then, or have we forgot
His fate is ours, and death the mortal lot?
Nor yet because he lately was our foe,
Let him who is departed be malign'd:—
What he was wholly One alone can know.
Nor say his fate as warning is design'd
That still there reigns a Nemesis, not blind.
Dare *we* thus certify of God's behest?—
His Judge hath summon'd him:—God give him rest!

SPRING'S ARRIVAL.



THE Spring is come, the beautiful Spring,
With buds which will soon be flowers ;
He joy to the waiting Earth doth bring,
And hope, and warm genial showers.

The beautiful Spring is return'd again,
With countenance glad and bright,
And lightly he bounds o'er the startled plain,
Which thrills with a quick delight.

His presence brings life, his presence gives joy ;
A shout of great gladness salutes the brave boy.
From far you may hear the low murmurs of pleasure,
That greet the bold truant, our long-absent treasure.
There's warmth in his presence, there's light in his eyes ;
His breathing is perfume ; and even his sighs,

Although they may sadden a moment, soon after
Are lost in an outburst of fresh sunny laughter.

The Earth, his bride,
Flings off her sadness ;
She feeleth pride,
Yet trembles with a palpitating gladness.
He hath already clasp'd her in his arms,
She hath already lain in his embrace,
His amorous breathings have gush'd o'er her face,
And she hath no more griefs, no more alarms.

His gentle wiles
Call forth her smiles :
The lusty boy upon her showers his kisses,
And she, in gratitude for all her blisses,
(And half in duty,)
Displays her beauty
To him, the god who hath come down to woo her ;
Who, absent long, hath now return'd unto her.
Yet timidly at first she shows her charms,
And from her bosom glides her veiling arms.
And tears
Proclaim her fears.
When he, the bridegroom, madden'd with his love,
Calls down a shower of brightness from above ;

And in the fulness of his godhead might,
Her tearful face enshrines in halo-light.

Then on high,
In the sky,
A glorious sheen
Like a vision is seen.
The creatures rejoice ;
And every voice
Proclaims the new wonder.
But such tears
And such fears
Have no long endurance :
They yield to assurance,
To whisper'd assurance.
From the cloud then the sheen
Disappears, nor is seen
Above, round, or under.

Sing pæans of gladness
In quick-bounding measure ;
Chant hymns, and let sadness
Be drown'd in our pleasure.
The Earth doth awaken,
The Earth is not dead ;

We all were mistaken,

Sweet life hath not fled.

It was but a slumber,

A long, profound slumber :

The days were so many,

We know not their number.

Oh, where hath he tarried ?

The bridegroom, the lover—

Thus while but the starried

Cold sky was above her ?

But he comes, and his breath

Scares the trance so like death :

She trembles with joy !

'Tis he,—'tis her lover

Is bending above her ;

'Tis he, the god-boy !

And gently she moves, and she gazeth around her,

She rises, and puts by the white sheet that wound her ;

But doubt in her face, and a sweet hesitation,

Seem veiling a moment her deep exultation.

Her timorous looks enhance her charms.

The lusty Spring enlocks her in his arms :

In that embrace their inmost souls are blended ;

Now all her fears are ended.

She decks herself with budding flowers ;

Impatiently she counts the hours

Till her espousal.—

To the carousal

She bids the Zephyrs and the gushing rills,

That, hermit-like, dwell on the upmost hills.

And from high

In the sky

The lark discourses of the coming bridal

In ecstasy of joy : none, none are idle :

In the cool shady dells

The snowdrops leave their cells,

And e'en the humble violet lifts her head,

For very joy the young earth is not dead.

Now brighter grows the bride,

For Spring is at her side ;

The olive-branch of hope, like Noah's dove,

He bringeth to the Earth ; to her, his love.

And a tingling, humming sound

Rises, hovering, from the ground :—

Teeming life it is, whose coming

Causes this low pleasant humming.

Birds' singing everywhere

Adds sweetness to the air ;

All space is intermingled with voices, joy, and mirth,
For no creature now is dumb.
But she whose bliss is deepest—the newly-wedded Earth—
Murmurs only, “He is come !
He is with me !—Spring hath come !”

THE VERDERER'S DAUGHTER OF
BAIERISCH ZELL.¹



WE since dawn had been out stalking,
And returning now were talking
Of the chamois ; all in walking
Very slowly :—we did dally
On our way down to the valley,
The Vale of Baierisch Zell.

For 't is pleasant, homeward walking,
To beguile the way with talking
Over what you 've seen in stalking ;
And though we did sorely dally,
Still at last we reach'd the valley
Of peaceful Baierisch Zell.

¹ See 'Chamois Hunting in the Mountains of Bavaria,' p. 211.

There may be palm-treed oases,
Well-deserving all their praises ;
But such pastures strewn with daisies,
Uplands musical with wellings,
You will find but round the dwellings
Of verdant Baierisch Zell.

Looking up, my comrade started,
Gazed and gazed, with lips still parted,
At a maiden who, light-hearted,
Singing, village-wards came wending,
Where the trout-stream makes a bending,
Not far from Baierisch Zell.

'T was a piece of spotless nature,
Fresh of soul and fair of feature,—
A young, guileless, healthy creature,
Tripping on beside the water.
“Who is she?” “The Verderer's daughter,
That lives in Baierisch Zell.

“We will at his cottage tarry,
And our chamois thither carry ;
You may then converse with Marie.”
“What, you know her?” “Since two summers ;
She is shy though of new-comers,
This maid of Baierisch Zell.”

So we enter'd.—Within, neatly
All was order'd; plain and meetly;
She was there too, she who sweetly
Through the valley had been singing,
Till with echoes it was ringing;
This vale of Baierisch Zell.

Brown her cheek, but fresh and glowing,
Health, and strength, and vigour showing,—
A wild flower of Nature's growing.
She was modest as a daisy
Springing up beside the mazy
Brooklet of Baierisch Zell.

Some power with a spell did arm her
Stronger than of wisest charmer,
For nought evil dared to harm her.
And when near, you felt her winning
Presence kept you too from sinning;
This flower of Baierisch Zell.

As round Bethl'hem's humble manger,
Where the Mother, fled from danger,
Bent above her little stranger,
Beams of soften'd light did cluster;
So round her was shed a lustre—
This maid of Baierisch Zell.

Purity, which was her dower,
Did this radiance o'er her shower,
Giving too a queenly power.

So like Una in the story,
On she stepp'd in maiden glory,
The pride of Baierisch Zell.

Sisters, brothers,—each would measure
By her his own pride and pleasure:—
She was their chief household treasure.

Done by her, each common duty
Seem'd to win an air of beauty,
Like her own Baierisch Zell.

Hers a sense, an instinct nearly,
Guiding rightly, surely, clearly:
Was it then a fancy merely,
If to them their sister Mary
Were the good and guardian fairy
Of happy Baierisch Zell?

It is no poetic sally,
But she and her native valley
Did accord most musically.

Hers the voice belonging to it,
Trilling, as she wander'd through it,
Some song of Baierisch Zell.

Even as the merry thrush's
Note belongs to hawthorn-bushes,
Breezy whispers to green rushes,
Noisy bees to bloomy heather ;
So too did belong together
This maid and Baierisch Zell.

SEA-PIECE.



BEHOLD the great Sea-God ! He onward sweeps,
 And rides through the salt foam o'er endless deeps ;
 Waves, dolphins, and mermen, and boat-like shell,
 These seemingly carry him on so well ;
 But if each or all bear him, that none can tell.

Now buoyant he scuds on before the wind,
 His tritons all racing in troops behind ;
 And as they come shouting along pellmell,
 The buffeted waves make a mighty swell ;
 But if these or those carry him, none can tell.

Now floating on ether ; recumbent now,
 A billow his bark, with light-flashing prow ;
 While o'er him a rainbow hangs like a bell,
 And breezes the indolent god impel ;
 Yet which or what bears him, that none can tell.

Anon he comes splashing with upraised prong,
And reining two coursers, arch-neck'd and strong.
The wheels of his chariot, by some spell,
The waters to bear them above compel;
But by what power in nature, that none can tell.

The Poet thus over Thought's mighty deeps
At once and wherever he listeth sweeps;
There's nothing so lofty, so fair, so fell,
Can *his* eye elude or his quest repel;
By what power?—that neither can any one tell.

His vision beholds all created things,
Enlink'd with each other by endless rings;
Sin, goodness, the passions; touch, sound, taste, smell;
Though different, yet all so parallel.
But whence comes this perception he cannot tell.

He sees new relations: he apprehends
How Nature adopts things, attunes, and blends.
Thus commonest objects men buy and sell
Are beautiful symbols to him as well,
And whose meaning none other save him can tell.

All things are his vassals: he darts away
On gossamer, thunder, or on a ray;

To starry abodes where the angels dwell,
Or into a honey-bee's amber cell;
Yet the method or instrument none can tell.

Now high up amid the volcano's glare,
Now down, by some marvellous ocean stair,
To caverns where only those murmurs dwell,
Which, when heard by mariners, storms foretell;
But by what incantation, that none can tell.

Thus *his* is the universe: there is nought
In this bounded world or the world of Thought,
But renders him tribute. He doth compel
Heaven's gates to admit him, and those of Hell;
But the wonderful watchword,—that none can tell.

LOVE A PROPHET.



Is Prophecy divine?—Then Love is too ;
For Love is gifted with a prophet's gaze.
It sees the future largely, clearly spread,
And wondrously illumined.

Deed after deed, and every circumstance
And phase of the dear life as it will be,
Love sees ; and so distinctly, that the future
Is like a landscape, which we overlook
From lofty peak, where we have struggled up.
And so the "Future" doth become a "Present."

We live in it already ; and events
As yet in ambush, waiting, but prepared
To rise and show themselves, seem standing up
In solid shape, and co-existent with us.

THE MADONNA PICTURE IN THE FOREST.

—◆—
DID you never see the Virgin
Sitting with her infant Boy
In the humming, quiet forest,
Gazing with a mother's joy?

I have often seen them, shadow'd
By an oak-tree or a pine;
While upon the Child and Mother
Sunbeams flickering did shine.

And when passing through the forest,
Have I stopp'd to look behind,
At that lonely Child and Mother,
So apart from all mankind.

In that solitude she tarries
The whole sunlit summer through;

And when wither'd leaves are falling,
Lonely there she tarries too.

Thus alone they sit together
By the footpath, day by day ;
For, save now and then a woodman,
No one ever comes that way.

Birds and other forest creatures
Are their only company ;
Fearless of that placid Mother
With the Child upon her knee.

When at evening all is quiet,
Church-bells from afar there sound ;
O'er the trees and through the branches,
Spreading more repose around.

Oftentimes in summer weather,
When the air is quite unstirr'd,
From the distant upland, bleatings
Of the new-yea'n'd lambs are heard.

And the shepherd's voice comes floating
Thitherward the forest through,
Unto her whose Babe will also
Be one day a Shepherd too.

Still she sits there in the forest,
She and her unconscious Boy ;
And unchanged her aspect always,
Beaming with a wondrous joy.

A SUMMER EVENING.

MOON-RISE.



BEHOLD that sea of azure!—Not a cloud
 Rests on its surface; but—a waveless ocean—
 It stretches forward to the very Pole.
 Behind the ridge of yon low eastern hill
 A mild light shines; and presently a prow,
 The curv'd prow of an adventurous bark,
 Floats into sight.—It gradually comes on,
 Rounding a promontory: some headland bold,
 Projecting far into the liquid blue.

* * * * *

Deep, tranquil in its depth, the element
 Lay resting, tideless, without ebb or flow.
 It was a sea, with here and there an isle
 Of goodly size appearing 'mid the flood;
 So far apart, too, that the mariner
 Would need a compass as he steer'd his way.

Those coral islands, the thick nebulæ,
Scarcely emerging, nowhere could be seen :
Only the continents which were of old ;
Yonder the Bear, and here resplendent Mars,
And there the cluster of the Pleiades.
These only lay on the expanse of ocean,
O'er which that bright bark, silver-prow'd, was steering.

The bark was laden with a vestal fire,
Mildly effulgent ; and perchance was bound
To one of yonder islands furthest off,
For service of a fair divinity,
Who had a temple, and was worshipp'd there.

A WALK TO HEAR THE NIGHTINGALE.

—◆—
SHE said she ne'er had heard a nightingale,
So we went forth that she might know the bird.
The air was quiet, but afar was heard
The hum of voices ; only just enough
To tell us two how much we were alone.

The Nightingale began. She listen'd : and I felt,
By her hand's growing pressure on my arm,
How great was her delight ; and that the voice
Did call unto her very inmost soul,
And made her speechless. But she drew me closer :
I felt the thrill that vibrated through all
Her listening being, while her whole self follow'd
(Touch'd by the magic of the Sorceress)
The witching call to other realms than this,
And days remember'd, and past happiness.

And then the spell came twining round me too ;
Gradual, but irresistible and sweet,
Making me love the fatal fascination.

THE TEMPLE.



OF old, men hew'd their temples in the rocks.

Egypt entomb'd her god in mystic, vast

Caves of eternal granite, thus to last

Unchanged for ever : for she knew the shocks

Of centuries would shake the marble blocks,

And ruins only tell of worship past.

So, too, in Hindostan. There, lock'd up fast,

A mountain housed the idol.—Vainly knocks

Time 'gainst such temple's adamant door !

The heathen therefore deem'd such spots most fit

Wherein a deity might be enshrined.

Poor race ! That temple has another floor,

Within whose precincts God doth love to sit—

A pious human heart, a humble mind.

SAMUEL.

—◆—

AND it is writ that Samuel, being a child,
The mystery of God untaught as yet,
Nor knowing more than how He should be styled,
From tabernacle duties daily set,
Heard a Voice calling him. So he did seek
Whence it proceeded, answering then as told,
“Thy servant heareth, Lord ; do therefore speak !”
And who of us, unless his heart be cold,
That cannot say he, too, has heard such voice,
Which seem’d to call him lovingly by name,
And guide him, choosing, to the better choice ?
Yet this, like other wonders, leaves us tame,
Unmoved :—not even answering with a mere
“Speak, Lord !” for we, alas ! do not give ear.

DROWNED.

“This morning the swathed body of a newly-born infant was found on the shore of the Danube, a little below the garden. So the children told me, for I did not see it.” (June 9th, 1858.)

ALAS, poor mother! What bewildering grief
Must now be thine, with no hope, no relief!
How wilt thou long to follow in the stream
Thy babe; to verify what seems a dream—
A frightful dream, with some parts still quite clear,
And just the dreadfulest, most ghastly, drear!
How wilt thou ever haunt the river's side,
And stare upon its mute, unheeding tide,
And long to pry, in thy repentant woe,
Into its dreadful depth; to look below;
Once, only once, to see thy baby's face;
Once, only once, to clasp it to embrace;
Only once more to feel its little hand
Resting in thine instead of on the sand!

And then thy self-reproaches ! The deep wail
Of agony that nothing can avail,—
No words, no vows, no prayers : that all is vain,
And what is past be ne'er recall'd again.
How will thy soul in its contrition yearn
To make atonement ; so from God to earn
A little mercy for the heinous sin !
How through thy wretched brain will roll the din
Of loud reproaching voices ; with a shout
Each crying, “ It is *thou* who hast put out
Thy baby's life ! ”—then whispering this one strain
Into thy ear again and still again !
How start and wonder at what thou hast done,
And ask thyself, “ Could I my little one
Have harm'd—my own, my pretty, cherish'd child ? ”
And then thou wilt feel stunn'd, and like a wild
And horrible invention all will seem ;
And, staring round, wilt frantically scream,
“ My God ! it must—*it must be* all a dream ! ”

Poor mother ! though I know thee not, I feel
Intense compassion for thy dread ordeal ;
For I can fancy how, through coming years,
Down suddenly will drop the scorching tears,
Drop burning on thy work or in thy cup,
And even in the morn on waking up,

When thou, perchance, hast seen thy child in sleep,
And joyfully held fast and tried to keep :
Tears that bring no relief, but eat away
The heart, and make it gradually their prey.
For such, henceforward, never canst thou know,
Which, freely flowing, lessen human woe :
Those fountains all are dried ; they yield no flood,
But only drops which ooze like sweat of blood ;
For heart and soul are wither'd. E'en though young,
Joy will for thee be like a song that's sung ;
A breath, a phantom, which we cannot hold,
But only makes us shudder and feel old.

And when in harvest-time thou glean'st the corn,
Apart from others, thoughtful and forlorn,
Thy child will follow thee, and its low tone
Will seem to issue from each clod and stone,
Till brain, till fields, glow like a flaming brand,
And one hot tear drops on thy toil-brown'd hand.
When, too, in hopeful seed-time thou dost give
The grain to earth, as thou hast yet to live,
Thou must remember that thy child is dead,
And will not taste or share the future bread.

And when, in summer, from a fledgling bird,
A little, help-imploring cry is heard,

Of much will it remind thee ; and the sight
Of each young creature in its helpless plight
Cause thee to moan, “ Oh, wretched that I am !
I, too, had once a blessèd little lamb !”

Yea, it is fearful to be thus pursued
By deeds long since committed, deeply rued ;
To have them following always like a ghost,
Or sentry that will never quit his post.
If waking in the night, to have them stand,
A thing as palpable as our right-hand,
Before our consciousness, and feel the load
We have to stagger under on our road.

Poor hapless creature ! Sinner as thou art,
Still can I not refuse to thee a part
Of my compassion. Though thy crime be great,
I venture to believe some horror’s weight
Must nigh have madden’d thee to make thee kill
So sweet a thing—a child—who did none ill ;
But harmless, tender as a very dove,
Looking, of all the world, to thee for love.

Nor know I whether human laws have stay’d
Thy steps, and so the penalty be paid.
Thou wilt not go unpunish’d, and thy lot

Is worse, perhaps, if men's hands reach thee not ;
For on thou 'lt live, still haunted, follow'd still
By that one thought, " I 've done a grievous ill."
Oh, 't is a racking torture thus to rue
Some act which no repentance can undo ;
Day after day, till each month seems an age,
To have before us that regretted page
In our existence, as 't were of a book
To which we turn, and fascinated, look,
Dwelling upon it with a wistful eye,
Still wishing we could put that one page by!

I pity thee, and do not lift a stone ;
Much less I place myself upon a throne
To speak thy sentence. Thou 'lt hear none from me—
Not that with murder I have sympathy,
But, knowing my own weakness, feel how small
A space may be betwixt me and a fall ;
Knowing, moreover, that I stand upright,
Is chiefly through God's mercy and His might ;
And but for these perchance I, even I,
Had sins committed of as dark a dye
As this poor wretch. 'T is terrible to think
How we are ever standing on the brink
Of precipices, though we know it not ;
Saved but from falling by our happy lot,

Some turning circumstance, a mere event
That held us till our passion was all spent ;
A Providence, in short, that metes each length,
And not our virtue always, or our strength.

Go, then, in peace ! May He assuage thy woe
Who, if implored, most surely *will* do so !
Yet, though it causes thy torn heart to bleed,
I do not wish thou should'st forget thy deed :
May'st thou still think upon thy little elf,
Seeking God more, the more thou flee'st thyself !

BEAUTY.

Oh, cherish Beauty as a thing divine,
 An emanation even of God's spirit,
 A mystery embodied, giving sign
 Of higher state than here we men inherit.

Yea, cherish Beauty, love, delight in it :
 Seek it all times, seek it everywhere ;
 Rejoice if thou to worship it art fit,
 Standing before it speechless as in prayer,

Conscious a wonder glorifies each sense,
 And, by reflection, sheds a light o'er thee,
 O'er thee and thy whole nature : so intense
 Be thine the joy when Beauty thou dost see !

Let the sweet marvel enter in thy soul ;
 Turn not away, for that were worse than folly ;

Let it pervade thy being, ay, the whole,
So shalt thou find thy nature grow more holy.

For Beauty is perfection, or, at least,
A state that's nearer to it than the most.
Must not our inner worth then be increased
By sight of that which Heaven alone can boast?

Beauty is revelation. God unfolds
In highest beauty and its purity,
A semblance of that world His eye beholds,
And which, He thus gives hope, we too may see.

Oh, bend we then before the mighty power
Whene'er it comes to us; and, knowing whence—
If in a human creature or a flower—
Give ourselves up to its omnipotence!

Who thus to Beauty boweth in his joy—
A chalice holding God-pervaded wine—
Him shall it not mislead or bring alloy,
But strengthen, and ennoble, and refine.

1858.

TRANSLATIONS
FROM
GERMAN POETS.

For a parallel the living, or the dead,
The world shall find the nature of the dead.

The world is perfect, as it is,
A world that is not as it is,
That is not as it is, but as it is,
By signs of things which Heaven alone can know.

Heaven is perfect, as it is,
A world that is not as it is,
That is not as it is, but as it is,
By signs of things which Heaven alone can know.

Heaven is perfect, as it is,
A world that is not as it is,
That is not as it is, but as it is,
By signs of things which Heaven alone can know.

Heaven is perfect, as it is,
A world that is not as it is,
That is not as it is, but as it is,
By signs of things which Heaven alone can know.

Auersperg.

THE LEAF IN THE BOOK.



I HAVE quite an old grandmother,
 And an old, old book has she ;
 A leaf in the volume lieth
 As dry as it dry can be.

And wither'd must now the hand be
 That once pluck'd it in spring for her :
 I wonder why it affects her !
 When she sees it she drops a tear.

Auersperg.

THE PALM.



LAND surely is not far ! A narrow ledge,
 It leans on the horizon's distant edge ;
 A blue streak merely rises in the sky :
 Does obelisk, tower, or column mount on high ?

Now they are near !—'Tis but a tree ! It rears
 Lonely its mighty stem ; high up appears
 A leafy cupola, resembling quite
 A temple on the obelisk's steep height.

Behold, it is the Palm ! The warm wind laves
 The verdant fan-tops with its rocking waves.
 The summit murmurs, from its lofty throne,
 Like human voices, with harmonious tone :—

“ Be welcome, Stranger ! Speak ; what is thy suit ?
 Ask'st thou for bread ? behold, bread is my fruit ;

And if athirst, then drink my palm-tree wine ;
I'll be thy cornfield, rivulet, and vine.

“ Art naked ? of my fibres weave a vest ;
If tired, repose beneath me as my guest ;
My shade will o'er thee a light covering spread :
I'll be at once thy fleecy herd and bed.

“ If thou wilt pray, a green dome then I raise ;
And if o'er land and ocean thou wilt gaze,
Look from my summit, if it shine or lower ;
I'll be thy church, thy belfry, and watch-tower.

“ Behold yon sons of Nature, wild and free !
I am their realm, their dwelling, and their lea ;
Cradle and marriage-bed I deck with Palm,
As bell once murmur gently their death-psalm.

“ Shouldst thou, Diogenes-like, here drift astray,
Leap upon land, but push thy cask away,
That it float onward to some other sphere,
For thy cask even is superfluous here.”

Herend.

LOVE.



Who has e'er fathom'd, who ever foreboded
 Love's silent, so terrible magic spell?
 Th' ecstasy, agony when it has goaded,—
 Its marvels,—say, who has essay'd to tell?

Is Love a creature, with breath, with consistence?
 Is it a phantom, a vision, a dream?
 Who declared royal its sway and existence,
 Proclaim'd it, with sceptre and crown, supreme?

Scatters Love poison, or does it shed roses?
 Did Love from the furnace of Hell arise?
 Is it an envoy, all light, that discloses
 The glory, the radiance of the skies?

Came Love among us at Satan's compelling,
 More sure of his victims to be by this?

Why makes it a church of the poorest dwelling,
And why to a sacrament turns a kiss?

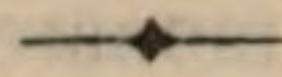
Who to its ecstasy lent all the magic?
Who gave it the terrible, fearful ban
To spread a dark influence, dread and tragic,
All over the life of a wretched man?

Who to it peasant and monarch subjected?
Who dignity gave, and who scorn, to its nod?
Who made sages fools when by it affected,
And through it the stripling become a god?

Has it dove's wings for each swift evolution,
Or has it a plume from the vulture caught?—
Time to these riddles has brought the solution,
But other, quite other, than what I thought.

Dinglestedt.

FROM 'THE SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.'



OVER strangers' graves and strange tombstones roaming,
 I tread all alone in the solemn gloaming :
 Have I disturb'd the sleepers below ?
 Hear they question I utter so ?

Meseems my looks, as by fascination,
 Are drawn below in a dread scrutiny ;
 And down to the silent realm descend,
 Where all our journeying has an end.

How much sorrow, how much heart-wailing,
 Is circumscribed by that narrow paling !
 Within that gate where each one repairs,
 How many promises, vows, and prayers !

Of human love is ne'er such profusion
 As here where all wandering finds conclusion ;

With thorns and roses it gently nears
The spot which is so bedew'd with tears.

Only, oh ! not among strangers perish !
With no friend by to console and cherish,
The watching hired, and the service paid,
With open eyes in the coffin laid.

Ere reaching home should my days be number'd,
I still would rest where dear ones have slumber'd,
Beside my mother, my loved, my own,
But not 'mid strangers, oh, not alone !

Freiligrath.

UNDER THE PALM-TREES.

MANES are fluttering through the bushes ; deadly strife is
in the wood :

Hear'st thou not the roar and stamping from yon palm-
grove's neighbourhood ?

Climb with me upon the teak-tree ! Gently, lest thy
quiver's rattle

Should disturb them ! Look, the tiger and the leopard
meet in battle !

For the body of a white man, whom the tiger did surprise
Sleeping 'mid the crimson flowers on this slope of many
dyes,—

For the stranger, three moons nearly our tent's guest, us
oft inviting

With him plants to seek and chafers,—the pied monsters
now are fighting.

Woe! no arrow more can save him! Closed already is
his eye!

Red his sleep as are the blossoms of the thistle waving
nigh,

As within a bloody basin, where the hillside's slightly
dinted,

Lies he; and his cheek is deeply with the tiger's claw
imprinted.

Woe, white man! on thee thy mother never more shall
glad her eyes!—

Foaming at the mouth, the leopard on the raging tiger flies;

But his left-paw he reposes on the body to be rended,

And the right one, high uplifted, threatening to the foe is
wended.

What a bound! Look, look, the leaper grips the dead
man by the arm!

But the other holds his booty; dragging it he flies from
harm.

On their hind legs fight they; wildly each upon the other
gazing,

As they rear, the livid body stark upright between them
raising.

Then—oh, look! above them something gliding from the
branches hangs,

Greenly shining, jaws all open, poisonous slime upon its
fangs !

Giant serpent ! his prey leavest thou unto neither forest
ranger !

Thou entwinest them, thou dost crush them,—tiger, leo-
pard, and pale stranger !

Geibel.

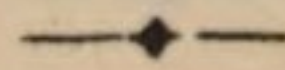
THE DYING CHILD.*

How calmly the child is sleeping
 Close to thy heart;
 Nor knows of a mother's weeping
 The bitter smart!
 From cheek and from brow unshaded
 Is now quite faded
 The lovely red;
 And yet how strangely beguiling!
 Gently 't is smiling—
 Smiling
 Though it be dead.

* There are certain difficulties in the way of an *exactly literal* translation of this piece which are insurmountable.—C. B.

Geibel.

TRADITION OF THE RHINE.



THE Rhine—the pale-green Rhine-stream !
So mild is there the night ;
There lie the hills and vines in
The moon's soft, golden light.

And on the hills advancing,
A tall form ye behold,
With sword and purple mantle,
And crown of massy gold.

'Tis he ! the Karl, the Emperor,
Who once with mighty hand,
In long, long by-gone ages,
Did rule the German land.

But he is now arisen ;
He cometh from his tomb ;

His purple grapes he blesseth,
And breathes the vines' fresh bloom.

The stream at Rudesheim sparkles ;
The moon upon it doth shine,
And a golden bridge it buildeth
Right over the pale-green Rhine.

The Emperor goeth over,
And he moveth slowly on ;
And all along the river
Gives the vines his benison.

Then home he wends to Aachen,
And sleeps within his tomb,
Till in the new year wakes him
His vines' refreshing bloom.

But we—we fill up the goblet
With wine that sparkles like gold,
That gives us heroic fire,
And the German strength of old.

Geibel.

TEN YEARS LATER.



AFTER long wandering, in my sister's dwelling
 Once more I stepp'd. Within I heard a shouting,
 The loud clear tones of unknown children's voices.
 Behold !—and in the chamber where the evening
 Came flooding golden in through leafy shadows,
 Well pleased I saw the little ones a-playing,
 In number seven. 'Mid richly-shed effulgence,
 The fair-lock'd heads right merrily were dancing,
 Now here, now thither ; and their cheeks like roses
 Were blooming all with a most healthful freshness.

Ah ! none was born of all those now before me,
 When I departed through the world to wander :
 To tell their names I even scarce was able.
 In still astonishment, with eyes of wonder,
 They therefore gazed on me : they ceased their playing,

And then the eldest, bashfully approaching,
Ask'd gently, in her mother's voice, "Who art thou?"
But now my sister came. Upon her bosom
Sank I; and then she show'd, with blissful rapture,
The children to me—they, the house's treasure,
That had increased so lovelily; and show'd then
The home-return'd uncle to the children.
Now was rejoicing: quickly taking courage,
The boys climb'd up on me to give me kisses,
Their sisters downward bent my head towards them,
And e'en the smallest, that my beard had frighten'd,
Stretch'd out its little hands that it might touch me.

How glad were my sensations thus enclasp'd,
So quite entwined with young life in its freshness,
That, like a clustering swarm upon the beehive,
Around me hung, and ask'd of thousand wonders!
But through my heart a breath of sadness gently
Stole notwithstanding; for did not these kisses,
These questionings with which they all did storm me,
Admonish me that just so many paces
As they've advanced in life, so many paces
Hast thou, too, been the while towards death advancing?
And daily and still faster in them ripens
The generation that one day shall wander
Around thy grave; that shall know joy and weeping.

And then I laid my hands, as though I blest them,
Upon their heads, and thought these words in silence :—
“ Ye fairest messengers of Death, I greet ye !
I greet ye all, and thank ye, that so sweetly
Ye did to me the first salute deliver !
But ye, to Life’s full freshness and perfection
Grow up in gladness, that when once I am no more,
You may achieve that—ye, and all your brothers—
Which I, and which my race, could not accomplish !”

Geibel.

THE WALDFRAU.



ALL through the fields the youth rode forth,
 "Farewell, beloved mine!
 I will be at thy side again,
 When red the dawn does shine!"
 He rode and caroll'd loud and free,
 Into the dewy morning,
 A song of love and glee.

And when he to the greenwood came,
 Where red the roses be,
 Before his horse the Waldfrau stood,
 Most beautiful to see.
 Like moonlight was her eye, so fair,
 Her cheeks they were like two roses,
 Like morning gold her hair.

"Halt! halt! thou lovely youth, and tell
 Why ridest thou away.

Unbridle thy sleek steed, and here
In leafy dwelling stay !
The breeze plays through the linden's bloom ;
Sweet were caressing and kissing !
Wood flowerets spread perfume !”

The youth replied, “ Away ! I dare
Nor stop nor tarry now :
I have at home a gentle love
As sweet and fair as thou.
Tomorrow I my love shall see,
And then we'll hold the bridal,
And merry we will be.”

“ And hast thou at home a gentle love
As sweet and fair as I ?
Then she shall ne'er embrace thee more—
Shall weep most bitterly.”

The Waldfrau said, and waved the band
By which her hair was fasten'd,
With her all snow-white hand.

Then, rearing, up rose the horse, and down
On earth the rider threw ;
In rivulets his blood did flow,
And pale he quickly grew.

The wood-birds with the ring-marks red
Sang, "Sorrow, sorrow, sorrow !
For him who lieth dead !"

And when at morning the lover came not
To greet his gentle love,
Then sore afraid the maiden grew ;
She went into the grove.
Sad look'd the flowerets on the ground ;
The birds upon the branches
Sang with a gentle sound.

And when she to the linden came,
Where roses red exhale,
Beneath the roses red she found
The youth so fair and pale.
Then o'er her lover bended she,
And on his lips she kiss'd him,
And wept most bitterly.

Goethe.

THE ERL KING.



Who's riding so late through wind and wild?

It is the father, with his loved child.

The boy rests snugly upon his arm;

He holds him safe, and he keeps him warm.

"My son, why hidest thou thy face in such fright?"

"Father, seest thou not the Erl King white,—

The Erl King yonder, with crown and train?"

"My son, it is the mist and rain."

"Thou darling child, come, go with me;

Such pretty games I will play with thee;

With flowers full many the shore is strow'd,

My mother has many a golden robe."

"O father, my father, and hearest not thou

What Erl King softly did promise me now?"

“Be tranquil, be tranquil, my child, be still ;
Through the dead leaves the wind whistles shrill.”

“My sweet boy, and wilt thou not come with me ?
My daughter shall wait on thee prettily ;
My daughter shall nightly thy vigil keep,
And rock thee, and lull thee, and sing thee to sleep.”

“My father, my father, and saw'st thou not
The Erl King's daughter near yon dark spot ?”

“My son, my son, I see well the gleam ;
'Tis the old green willows beside the stream.”

“Come, pretty one, come ! Go with me on my course,
And art thou not willing, I'll take thee by force.”

“O father, my father, he now grasps my arm ;
Erl King has done me a grievous harm.”

The father shudder'd ; he rideth on fast,
He shelters his child in his arms from the blast.
The roof gain'd at length toward which he sped,
There lay the child in his arms quite dead !

Hebel.

THE GERMAN WATCHMAN'S SONG.

HARK ye well what I am singing !
 TEN o'clock the church-bell's ringing !
 First praise the Lord, then go to rest.
 If lurks within no evil guest,
 Sleep sweet and sound ! for up above
 Wakes all night long an eye of love.

Hark ye well what I am singing !
 'Tis now ELEVEN the church-bell's ringing !
 For him who sweats behind the mill,
 For him who deals the cards out still,
 I go once more my hourly round,
 Bid him give o'er, and slumber sound.

Hark ye well what I am singing !
 TWELVE o'clock was just now ringing !
 And if e'en yet, in midnight deep,
 Some aching heart doth watch and weep,

God give him soon a peaceful hour !
He 'll be to him a rock and tower.

Hark ye well what I am singing !
ONE o'clock from the church is ringing !
If Satan seeks a soul to win,
Or thief is going his path of sin,
Oh, get thee home if so it be !
Dark as it is, yet God can see.

Hark ye well what I am singing !
Two o'clock from the steeple's ringing !
If load of care, ere day yet breaks,
Some heavy heart from sleep awakes,
Poor fellow ! turn and sleep again.
God wakes : why shouldst *thou* wake in vain ?

Hark ye well what I am singing !
THREE 't is now from the steeple ringing !
The sky puts forth a morning ray :
Who lives to see another day,
Thank God, and gaily greet the light,
And go to work. God keep thee right !

* * I am indebted to my sister for this faithful translation from
one of the most genuine and most beautiful of the German poets.
—C. B.

Heine.

THE FIR-TREE.

—◆—

THERE stands a Fir-tree northward,
 On a bare height all alone.
 He slumbers : a white cloak round him
 Of snow and of ice is thrown.

He of a Palm is dreaming
 In the East, far, far away,
 That lonely and silent mourneth
 On a rock in the sun's hot ray.

Hobell.

THE TREE AND THE SPRING.

A TREE in youthful beauty
Did love a gentle Spring,
And oft-time in its eddies
In jest a leaf would fling.

“Oh, would she but retain it,
How happy were my lot!”
But always on she sends it,
As though she loved it not.

Oh, could he look but only
In the enchantress' heart,
If she retain'd his likeness!
So poignant was his smart.

But she was gay and bounding,
Show'd not a single trace

Of kindly being disposed to
The monarch of the place.

And then the Tree look'd gloomy,
Look'd sorrowful below ;
For love, when it is hopeless,
Brings youthful hearts much woe.

Yet when the Stream lay ice-bound
At ending of the year,
He saw within her mirror
His likeness fair and clear ;

Saw in her heart, deep-hidden,
Full many a leaf he gave,
Which still, and all in secret,
She guarded there to save.

Oft learn we first, when only
The loved one's on her bier,
How deep her heart's affection—
How loved we were—how dear !

Kobell.

THE HUNTER.

—◆—
THERE sat, long ere the morn's dawning,
A hunter beside a wood;
To bring down the antler'd monarch,
His hand held a rifle good.

It still was grey in the valley :—
“ Sure the stag won't come so soon ;
No bird sings yet on the branches,
Nor paleth as yet the moon.”

And slowly the dawn grew lighter,
And cooler the air now grew ;
The birds too they sang so sweetly ;
The breeze of the morning blew.

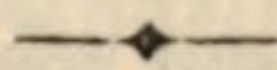
And over the dewy meadow
The stag pass'd on to the wood,

And slowly moved towards the hunter—
Now hark ! for his rifle good !

'Tis strange ! not a shot has sounded
I hear not a gun's report.
The hunter is soundly sleeping,
And dreams of a good day's sport.

Kobell.

LOVE'S HAPPINESS.



WHEN from the loved one homeward
 I go, when all is still,
 And think how blest that evening,
 What joy my heart did fill ;*

How I did sit beside her,
 So near and lovingly,
 And how her eye, all brightness,
 Look'd tenderly on me ;

Then through my heart there rushes
 Joy words cannot impart ;
 Then, all men I could love them,
 And press them to my heart ;

* This first verse is not satisfactory, but I am unable to render it more literally.—C. B.

And fain would loud proclaim it,
Loud in the starry night,
How rich my love has made me,
How vast is my delight !

Yet sometimes, while rejoicing,
I feel a sudden fear :—
Of mortals really happy
There are not many here.

And then I pray in secret,
To Him who all doth bless :
“ Oh, be not angry with me
For In my great happiness ! ”

Kobell.

GEMS AND THEIR SETTING.



“A topaz am I,” said the golden Wine,
 “A ruby am I,” said the rich red Wine;
 “And I,” said the Toper, “am gold, I opine,
 And love to clasp jewels so rare and fine.”

Kobell.

EDELWEIS.*



THE mountains deck their rocky crowns
 With flowers which are the rarest;
 For only on the highest spots
 Grow those which are the fairest.

Hence, in my songs, the Edelweis
 I praise where'er I wander,
 An image of pure love, within
 The stony realm up yonder.

Like that flower should it germ, beyond
 The reach of every rover,
 And bloom above the common world,
 And last when life is over.

* *Edelweis*—*Gnaphalium Leontopodium*—a flower met with only on some of the highest mountains in certain parts of Tyrol and Bavaria. It is to be found in Berchtesgaden, and on the Scharfreuter

in the Hinter Riss. It is much valued for the snowy purity of its colour, as well as on account of the difficulty of getting it. The very name, "Noble Purity," (*edel*, noble, *weiss*, white,) has a charm about it. Strangely enough, it always grows on a spot to be reached only with the utmost peril. You will see a tuft of its beautifully white flowers overhanging a precipice, or waving on a perpendicular wall of rock, to be approached but by a ledge, where perhaps a chamois could hardly stand. But it is this very difficulty of acquisition which gives the flower so peculiar a value, and impels many a youth to brave the danger, that he may get a posy of Edelweis for the hat or the bosom of the girl he loves; and often has such a one fallen over the rocks just as he had reached it, and been found dead, in his hand the flower of such fatal beauty, which he still held firmly grasped.

Hobell.

THE EDELWEIS GATHERER.

AY, autumn love I best, for then
 I gather Edelweis;
 High up along the Watzmann's* sides,
 And up above the ice.

In Berchtesgaden, too, by all
 The flower is held so dear;
 And if I bring my Edelweis
 To some great cavalier,

Or to the ladies of the court,
 Each one the flower will wear;
 For Edelweis becomes them well,
 And they are all so fair.

* A mountain near Berchtesgaden, 9164 feet high.

The gentlemen will sometimes ask
Where grew my snow-white store ;
But when I to the Watzmann point,
They don't ask any more.

And that's just why I love the flower ;
'Tis not won in a trice ;
It courage needs, and hence 't is call'd,
Not wrongly, Edelweis.

And as, 'mid dangers climbing on,
I trust my God is near,
Gladly I pluck a posy, too,
For our sweet Ladye dear.

Oh ! if the Watzmann do but send
No avalanche below,
Where stands my little garden, where
The hunter's flower doth grow !

Oh, Ladye dear ! should snows perchance
Roll down with wild alarm,
Remember me, and prithee guard
My Edelweis from harm !

Kobell.

EDELWEIS.

ADDRESSED TO THE BOTANISTS ASSEMBLED AT MUNICH,
AT THE LINNEAN FESTIVAL.



EDELWEIS is like a monarch
Donn'd in ermine pure as snow,
From high castle proudly watching
His land's rivers as they flow.

It is nearer heaven's brightness
Than much else on earth besides ;
And the royal eagle only
Soars around where it abides.

The young morn first brings, as greeting,
All his lustre, all his gold ;
And the loveliest tints of evening
Roseate his throne enfold.

'Tis an amaranth, never dying,—
Monarchs should immortal be,—

And to boldest climbers only
Is 't vouchsafed its face to see.

And, Sirs, such a royal flower,
Where by you has it been placed,—
You, by whom the rank and lineage
Of what blooms on earth is traced?

Class the nineteenth have ye placed it,
Last almost and lowest sphere,
With a straw-deck'd, vulgar rabble,
Where it finds not one compeer.

And described it, most politely,
As *mis*-fashion'd from its youth :
Oh ! why not old-fashion'd also,
That the portrait have more truth ?

And as name you have invented
One of Latin—rare device !
But not one of ye could render
The melodious “Edelweis.”

So then, botanists, take warning,
Else there 'll be a dreadful fuss ;
For such royal scions really
Are not to be treated thus.

Kobell.

THE POET.

O'ER the hills a poet went,
Glad beyond all measure :
All the world, and all he saw,
Gave him heartfelt pleasure.

And he was so cheerful too,
Felt he so light-hearted :
Love but as a joke he knew,
Never having smarted.

To a wood the poet came ;
Dark pines there were growing,
Nettings for the chase spread out,
In the breeze were blowing.

Fain he 'd see the hunters all,—
Waited their advancing ;

Many came, fair ladies too,
On their palfreys prancing.

Greeting them he stood aside ;
One return'd his greeting :—
Oh, such witching beauty ne'er
Saw he till that meeting !

Silent from the wood he went,
Sad beyond all measure ;
All the world, and all he saw,
Gave him now no pleasure.

And he was not cheerful now—
His poor bosom smarted ;
Her one look had made him sad,
Ill, and heavy-hearted !

Schiller.

CHORUS

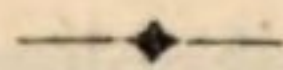
IN 'THE BRIDE OF MESSINA.'



WE'RE coming, we're coming,
With brightest flowers laden,
To welcome the maiden;
Nor are the youths idle,
They bring the rich robes and the gifts for the bridal:
The feast is prepared, the witnesses waiting;
But the young bridegroom he hears not their tread,—
Never will wake him the songs so elating,
For the slumber is deep of the dead.

Schiller.

FROM 'THE MAID OF ORLEANS.'



JOHANNA, *alone.*

FAREWELL, ye mountains, ye belov'd pastures,
 Ye soothing, peaceful valleys, fare ye well!
 Johanna now will no more wander o'er ye,
 Johanna says for ever, fare ye well!
 Ye meadows which I water'd, and ye trees
 Which once I planted, joyfully grow green!
 Farewell, ye grottoes, and ye cooling fountains,
 Thou echo too, this valley's friendly voice,
 That answered oft my carols; we must sever;
 Johanna now must leave ye, and for ever!

Ye places all of my calm happiness,
 I leave ye now behind for evermore!
 Range o'er the heaths, ye lambs, in wantonness,
 Ye are a troop now shepherdless, forlore!

To other flocks must I be shepherdess,
There, on the fields of danger, stain'd with gore:
This the proclaiming angel did foretell me;
"Tis no vain, earthly longing doth impel me!"

For He, the same who once on Horeb's plain
In fiery bush to Moses did descend,
Commanding him King Pharaoh to arraign;—
Who chose, as one who for Him should contend,
Isai's pious son, the shepherd swain;—
Who, gracious, shepherds always did befriend;—
He spoke to me, in voice not loud nor stormy,
"Go forth, and on the earth bear witness for me!"

"In metal harsh shalt thou thy limbs enlace,
Cover thy tender breast with shining steel,
Thy heart to love of men dare give no place,
With all its sinful transitory zeal.

Never shall bridal wreath thy tresses grace,
Thou at thy breast no blooming babe shalt feel;
Yet thee will I exalt in martial glory,
Above all mortal women known in story.

"When in the fight the bravest doth despair,
When the last destiny of France draws nigh,
Thou shalt my consecrated banner bear;
And as the active reaper bows the rye,

Shalt thou sweep down th' o'erbearing conqueror :
Revolve the wheel of his prosperity ;
To France's sons bring help, and Rheims deliver,
And of his crown be to thy King the giver !”

The Lord of Hosts has promised me a sign,
He sends the helm to me, it comes from Him ;
His sword endueth me with strength divine,
And with the courage of his cherubim.
It drives me like a storm, impetuous, dim !
I hear the war-cry mightily resounding,
The war-horse pawing, and the trumpet sounding !

Schiller.

FROM 'THE MAID OF ORLEANS.'

—◆—
ACT IV. SCENE I.

JOHANNA.

ARMS are at rest :—the storm of war is sleeping,
To bloody battle follow song and dance ;
Through all the streets the merry groups are sweeping,
From church and altar festal splendours glance,
And round the columns flowery wreaths are creeping ;
Arches arise in green luxuriance ;
Unnumber'd thronging guests to Rheims are coming,
And through the air resounds a busy humming.

All hearts with one glad feeling are elated,
One thought alone fills each soul with delight.
Those who before by hate were separated,
Enraptured in the general joy, unite.

Who to the Frankish race is but related,
Feels prouder of the name he claims of right ;
The old crown's lustre is again resplendent,
And France does homage to her kings' descendant.

But I, by whom this glory is completed,—
The universal gladness moves not me ;
My heart is changed, and Sorrow there is seated ;
Back, back it shrinks from all this jubilee.
'Tis in the camp of them whom I defeated ;
My look strays yonder towards the enemy ;
And I must steal away from all this gladness,
To hide my heart's delinquency and sadness.

Who?—I in my bosom bear
Of a man the fond remembrance.
This heart, heaven-inspired, to dare
Beat for one in mortal semblance !

I, my country's saviour,
The high God's own warrior,
And for my country's foe be burning ?
Dare name it, towards the chaste moon turning,
And not be overwhelm'd with shame ?

*[The music behind the scenes changes to a soft
and melting harmony.]*

Woe! oh, woe! Yon sounds, in falling,
Cheat my ear, as in a trance;
Every tone his voice recalling,
Picturing me his countenance!

Would the battle's storm but rouse me,
Whizzing spears but hum around me,
In the fiercely raging strife!
I had then new strength and life!

Oh, these melodies, these voices,
How they twine around my heart!
They dissolve, in tender longing,
All my strength, and make me languish,
Shedding tears of bitter anguish.

Ought I have kill'd him?—Could I do so when
I looked into his eyes?—Kill him!—Rather had I
On my own breast have turn'd the murderous steel.
And am I guilty, then, for being humane?
Is pity guilt?—Pity!—Didst thou give ear to
The voice of pity and humanity,
When others cried whom thy sword sacrificed?
Why was she silent when the tender youth,
When he of Wales, implored thee for his life?
Why look'd I in his eyes?—Why gaze upon

The features of his noble countenance !
Unhappy one !—'T was then thy sin began !
'T is a *blind* instrument that God demands,
With blinded eyes shouldst thou accomplish it.
As soon as thou didst *see*, God's shield was gone,
The snares of Hell seized on thee !

Peaceful crook ! oh, would that never
I had changed thee for a sword,
That I from the holy oak-tree
Ne'er had heard the rustling word !
Would Thou hadst in glory never,
High Queen, unto me come down !
Take—I cannot win it ever—
Oh, take back, take back Thy crown !

Lo ! the heavens did ope, revealing
All the faces of the blest :
Yet on earth is fix'd each feeling,
And from Heaven I seek not rest !
Must Thou lay this dread vocation
Upon me, this fearful part !
Could I deaden the sensation
God did give this feeling heart ?

If Thou wilt proclaim thy glory,
Angels choose of victory

Dwelling with Thee in the sky :
Send Thy spirits from on high,
Sinless ones who live for ever,
Ones who feel not, weeping never !
Do not choose the tender maiden,
Her whose heart with grief is laden !

Does the battle's fate regard me,
Or the quarrelling of kings ?
Innocent my flock I tended,
Thinking but of humble things.
Thence Thou took'st me, so contented,
To proud halls where kings rejoice ;
~~Mine the fault that I consented,—~~
It, alas ! was not my choice !

THE END.

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Errata.

p. 2. When — "Where the sun
the Shower has met"

p. 88. do — "must part".

p. 134. In — "For my great happiness"

p. 202. (Last lines.) "Thence Thou tookst
me, to my terror,

To proud halls where Kings rejoice;
To surrender me to error;

It alas! was not my choice!"

Boner, Charles

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